The Outlook

Vol. 75 November 14, 1903 No. 11

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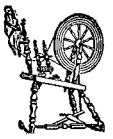

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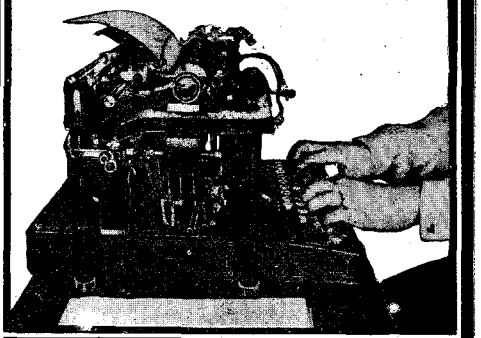

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 75 November 14, 1903 No. 11

The Revolution in Panama

Events moved rapidly last week on the Isthmus of Panama. The revolution predicted by many American papers immediately after Colombia's refusal to accept the Isthmian Canal treaty proposed by the United States suddenly sprang into existence, and to-day the Colombian Government has apparently no authority or actual possession on the Isthmus. A clear and full account of the progress and events of this revolution has not yet been published in this country. What took place appears to be this: Colombia, unwarned by the threatening situation, and, as it seems at this distance, inert in protecting its sovereignty, had on the Isthmus very slight forces. The insurrection broke out in the town of Panama on Tuesday of last week. From beginning to end the revolution seems to have been bloodless. There were the usual demonstrations, the formation of a junta, and the taking possession by the revolutionists of the public offices. The temporary government seems to consist of three "Consuls" and an incomplete Cabinet. A Colombian war-ship was in the harbor of Panama; it fired a few shots, apparently at a venture, and sailed for home. These shots were at first reported as amounting to a bombardment of the town of Panama, an act which would have been totally in opposition to international law, and the landing of United States marines and sailors which took place at Colon was at first attributed to this act of the Colombian war-ship. The story that eleven persons were killed by this bombardment was gradually reduced until it appears that no one was hurt. The next day the United States force was withdrawn, but almost immediately again landed to protect American interests. The Colombian officers and troops at Colon (about three hundred in number) surrendered without resistance, on the promise that they might retire to Cartagena—the revolutionists even paid their enemies' fare to that place. This surrender is ascribed in some despatches to the impression made upon the Colombian generals by the landing of United States forces. Thus both the ports of Colon and Panama were in the hands of the revolutionists. Their leaders issued a proclamation in which the cause for their action was stated to be the indifference of Colombia to the interests of Panama in the matter of the Isthmian Canal, and the fact that Panama, separated as it is physically from Colombia, is distinct in its needs from the larger country.

❀

The United States and Panama

The United States Government on Friday sent the following telegram to the Acting Consul-General of the United States at Panama, Mr. Ehrman:

> The people of Panama have, by an apparently unanimous movement, dissolved their political connection with the Republic of Colombia and resumed their independence. When you are satisfied that a *de facto* government, republican in form and without substantial opposition from its own people, has been established in the State of Panama, you will enter into relations with it as the responsible government of the territory, and look to it for all due action to protect the persons and property of citizens of the United States, and to keep open the isthmian transit, in accordance with the obligations of existing treaties governing the relations of the United States to that territory.

This was accompanied by instructions to the United States Minister at Bogota, the capital of Colombia, in which it was stated that the people of Panama have, "by an apparently unanimous move-

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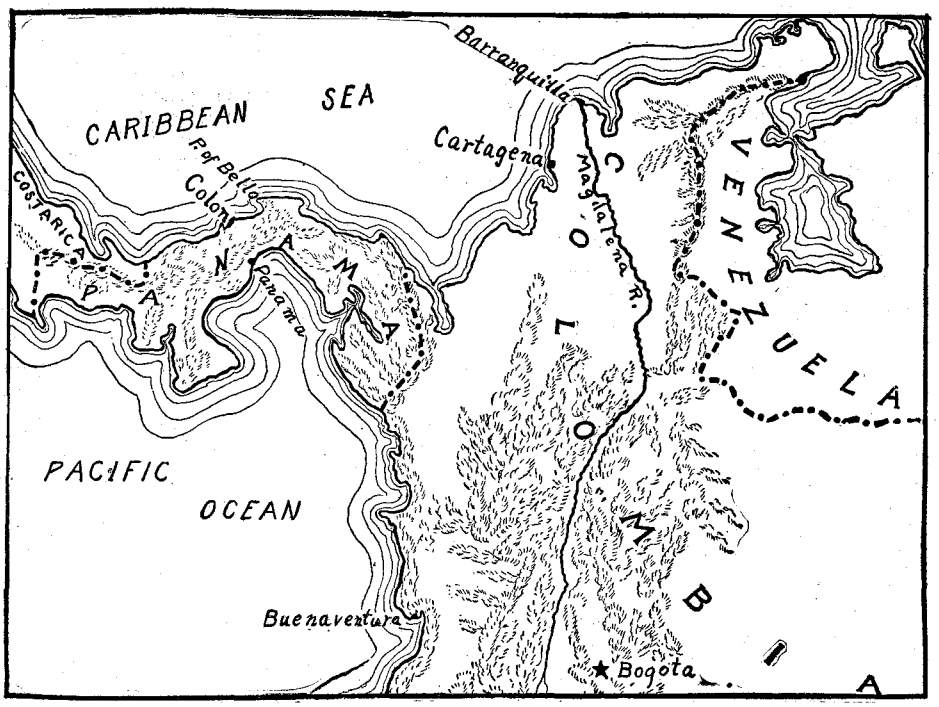

ment," dissolved their relations with Colombia and resumed their independence. The two countries are urged in this despatch to enter into a peaceful and equitable settlement of the questions between them, and the declaration is made that the President of the United States holds that he is bound, "not merely by treaty obligations, but by the interests of civilization, to see that the peaceful traffic of the world across the Isthmus of Panama shall not longer be disturbed by a constant succession of unnecessary and wasteful civil wars." The next day Secretary Hay issued a statement explaining the action of the President in the Panama matter as "the only course he could have taken in compliance with our treaty rights and obligations." The treaty of 1846 requires and permits the United States to maintain the right of way of transit across the Isthmus of Panama for any mode of passage then in existence or hereafter constructed; and the United States guarantees the neutrality of the Isthmus for that purpose. This right, Mr. Hay says, we have consistently maintained, and must continue to maintain. In at least one previous insurrection against the Colombian Government the United States has landed troops to protect the line of the railway, and has refused to allow combatants of either party to use the line of the railway, but otherwise it has not interfered with the actual war. From the declaration of President Roosevelt above quoted it appears that this Government now holds that it has a right, and is bound, to prevent such warfare as might reasonably be expected to disturb the conditions of secure transit. It is announced, apparently with authority from Washington, that if Colombia sends troops by sea to one of the ports of Panama, our Government will prevent their landing. The United States now has on one side or the other of the Isthmus the cruisers Boston and Atlanta, the Nashville, and one or two other ships, while the new battle-ship, the Maine, and the Olympia are, as we write, on their way to Colon. The provisional government at Panama has appointed Mr. Bunau-Varilla as Agent, and even, it is stated, as "Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary," to the United States, for the express purpose of dealing with this country for a new Isthmian treaty.

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Precisely what the rights and proper course of the United States with regard to the Isthmian Canal question under the new state of affairs may be will be considered carefully at Washington. The prevailing view now seems to be that we are perfectly at liberty to negotiate a new treaty with the government of the new Republic of Panamà, and Rear-Admiral Walker, Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Committee, has been sent to Colon in the United States yacht Mayflower to secure all information necessary, while Mr. Gudger, the United States Consul-General at Panama, is returning to his post with instructions from the Secretary of State as to his dealings with the new government there. Colombia has filed a protest with our State Department, dissenting entirely from the interpretation put by the United States upon the treaty of 1846. This protest has not been made public as we write, nor has a reply been given out.

❀

The Fusion Defeat in New York

Two years ago the Fusion victory was won during the last fortnight of the campaign. Impassioned appeals to regular Democrats to rid their party of the disgrace of Crokerism, Deveryism, and the red lights stirred a popular enthusiasm for Mr. Low which was warmest among the poorer classes—those most influenced by appeals to their emotions. This year the last fortnight of the campaign witnessed an equal change among the voters in a precisely opposite direction. Denunciation of Mr. McClellan, of Mr. Grout, and of many of their supporters as the allies of gamblers, courtesans, and thieves awoke a passion of resentment among the regular Democracy, and gained for Mr. McClellan and Mr. Grout the sympathy of many of Fusion's former Democratic supporters. The Democratic meetings took on a new enthusiasm, and Mr. McClellan, who had been lukewarmly accepted as the candidate of the machine and the son of his father, began to receive fervid ovations as a man of blameless life who had been vilified for his Democ racy. Voters shifted so rapidly that the "Herald's" reply postal cards returned during the last week indicated at least 30,000 majority for McClellan, while those returned the week before had indicated possibly 30,000 majority for Low.

❀

Partisan Causes for the Defeat

Other events contributed to intensify this feeling and make it harder to get Democrats to vote the Fusion ticket. Two years ago the Greater New York Democracy had supported Fusion, and while the number of adherents of this organization did not perhaps greatly exceed the two thousand delegates who assembled in its conventions, the fact that it had a separate place in the ballot, and that Democrats could vote for Fusion under a Democratic emblem, made it easy for Fusionists to convince doubting voters that their movement was really non-partisan. This year the Greater New York Democracy started out to support the old Fusion ticket for re-election, but when Mr. Grout and Mr. Fornes were removed from it, the organization reassembled in convention and with but one dissenting vote declared itself for the regular Democratic ticket. The Citizens' Union, upon the ground that municipal good government depended on securing good representatives from the city in the State Assembly, indorsed certain Assemblymen, and, not unnaturally, most of those indorsed were Republicans. These facts gave color to the charge preferred by all the Democratic speakers that the Fusion movement had been Republicanized, and that the Citizens' Union was working for a Republican victory. Besides these open appeals to partisanship, the regular Democracy was aided by the support of all those classes—saloons, tenement-house landlords, and public service corporations—whose material interests had been injured by the reforms of the Fusion administration. The result of this combination of partisan feeling with selfish interests was the election of Mr. McClellan by a majority of 63,000, and the re-election of Comptroller Grout by a majority of 67,000—even Brooklyn giving a majority for both candidates. These great majorities, how-

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ever, it should be recalled, are nearly 60,000 less than that received by Mr. Coler, the Democratic candidate for Governor one year ago. In spite of the intense appeals to party feeling, over 30,000 Democrats voted for Mr. Low against the regular nominee of their party. Except among the liquor-dealers and their immediate dependents, the criticisms of Mr. Low's administration made no impression in the campaign. No one can talk with New York Democrats without being convinced that Mr. Low was not defeated upon the record of his administration—the only rational issue—but by the bitter partisan feeling injected into the campaign.

❀

A Lesson for the Future

One of the incidental but potent influences which contributed to the success of Tammany was its superior organization. A combination of two parties, with two separate machineries, two separate sets of officers, two separate constituencies, always works at a disadvantage in contending against one organization, united, homogeneous, permanent. Men interested in good government were appealed to by the Citizens' Union and by the Republican committees for funds, and either must make double contributions or else must excuse themselves from contributing to the one organization because they had contributed to the other. Workers needed in the election must work under orders either of the Republican or the Citizens' Union organization, and necessarily the two sets of workers did not always harmonize. Some measure of jealousy and suspicion was inevitable. It is remarkable, not that there was so much, but that there was so little. What is needed for permanent victory over Tammany is a permanent anti-Tammany organization, devoting itself exclusively to municipal affairs, and a combination of all good citizens in municipal elections upon the simple issue of Tammany or anti-Tammany control of the city. One way to secure this would be for the Citizens' Union to cease from all attempt to influence State elections, and, on the other hand, for the Republican organization to refuse to make nominations for the city election. We should then have Republicans at entire liberty to vote for Tammany, if they so chose, without disloyalty to their organization, which would possibly lose some votes for the anti-Tammany candidates; but we should also have Democrats at liberty to vote for the candidates of the Citizens' Union, without any suspicion that they were used for ulterior ends by Republican managers. If such an agreement could be arrived at between the managers of the Citizens' Union and the Republican organization, and then the Citizens' Union could set itself to work during the next two years to laying the foundations for a purely municipal campaign on the fundamental basis of non-partisanship in municipal affairs, government for the benefit of the governed, home rule for the city on the excise question, and municipal control of the transit system, the lovers of good government would have a better prospect of winning a permanent victory than they have ever had before.

❀

Eastern State Elections

This year, as last, the only Democratic Governor elected in a Northern State was in Rhode Island, where Dr. Garvin was re-elected after a campaign in which the Republican organization made a most strenuous effort to recover the State, declaring that the result of this year's State election would have momentous influence upon the result of the National election a year hence. Dr. Garvin was bitterly assailed by so reputable a paper as the Providence "Journal" as a dangerous man, the "Journal" declaring that "if Governor Garvin had a Legislature at his back, and passed the laws needed to confiscate the savings of the people, the Central Government would be powerless to interfere," etc., etc. This perfervid campaign produced a natural reaction, and, although the Republican organization succeeded in bringing nearly as many voters to the polls as in the Presidential election three years ago, the result, instead of being a majority of two to one for their candidate, was his defeat by nearly 2,000 votes. In Massachusetts the Democrats made a vigorous cam-

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paign under the leadership of Colonel Gaston, their candidate of a year ago, and, by platform concessions to the radical wing of the party in the matter of direct legislation and public ownership of municipal franchises, succeeded in restoring apparent party harmony. In the city of Boston they made great gains, but outside of Boston Colonel Gaston failed to command the enthusiasm of the radicals, and the Republican majority was again nearly 40,000. In New York State the Republicans made substantial net gains in the election of members of the Legislature, indicating that the State is quite as strongly Republican on party issues as it was a year ago. The important issue decided in the State election was the expenditure of $101,000,000 for the construction of a barge canal. This measure was indorsed by a majority of 216,000. In New York City the vote was six to one in its favor, and the majority for it 350,000. Buffalo and Oswego, the canal terminals on Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, added nearly 40,000 more to this majority, but the remainder of the State polled a majority of nearly 180,000 against the expenditure. The division, it will be seen, was sectional and not partisan, and there might appear to be a serious sectional injustice were it not that the counties polling a majority for the measure pay four-fifths of the State taxes. The cost of the barge canal, colossal as it seems, is less than one year's tax budget in New York City. When the Erie Canal was first built, in 1816, at a cost of $10,000,000, and enlarged in 1835 at a cost of $25,000,000, the expenditure was in each case relatively greater in proportion to the yearly taxation in the Commonwealth. In Pennsylvania the Republican majority reached the stupendous total of 225,000; in other words, was nearly half again as great as in any purely State election of recent years. In Maryland Mr. Gorman's successful appeal to race prejudice, together with the factional divisions in the Republican party, enabled the Democrats to carry the State by a substantial majority and to elect two-thirds of the Legislature, thus insuring a Democratic United States Senator to succeed Senator McComas. The extent to which, in all the Eastern States except Rhode Island, the old party organizations recovered their old ascendency caused one keen observer to sum up the whole result on the Atlantic seaboard by the words, "The Dutch have taken Holland."

❀

Western State Elections

In the West political interest centered in Ohio, where a Legislature was to be elected to choose Senator Hanna's successor, and where Mayor Johnson's vigorous campaign for the equal taxation of railroads was for a while thought to put the result in doubt. The Republicans, led by Senator Hanna, conducted a campaign of unusual energy, urging everywhere that the supreme issue was the leadership of Tom Johnson, and that this leadership meant not only the personal ascendency of a reckless radical, but also the indorsement of the single tax. The single tax had no indorsement whatever in the Democratic platform, and Mr. Johnson, in his struggle to secure the equal taxation of railroads, had even repudiated the favorite entering wedge for the single tax—local option in taxation. Instead of asking that each city be allowed to tax the property within its borders as it thought best, he asked that railroad property be assessed by the State Board, and taxed at the average rate on other real and personal property. But, in spite of the moderation of Mayor Johnson's immediate programme, the Republicans succeeded in forcing the issue of his ultimate programme, and had no difficulty in convincing the Ohio farmers that over eighty-five per cent. of the value of their real estate was in land and less than fifteen per cent. in houses and other improvements thereon. The Republican gains in rural districts, however, were not so surprising as those in the cities. Even Cleveland gave a heavy majority against Mr. Johnson. The total majority against him was 115,000—or nearly double the majority against any other Democratic candidate for Governor since 1895. In Kentucky the Democrats carried the State by much the largest majority in recent years, in spite of a

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renewed alliance between the Republicans and most of the Gold Democratic leaders. In Iowa the Republican majority of 89,000 two years ago was reduced to 55,000, chiefly because of Governor Cummins's weak abandonment of his demand for tariff revision. In Nebraska the Republican majority was a trifle less than two years ago. In Colorado it was somewhat greater, but the increase here was chiefly due to the fact that the Populists ran a separate ticket. In the far West it might be said that each party practically held its own as compared with two years ago. In California the one interesting election was that in San Francisco, where the labor Mayor, Mr. Schmitz, was re-elected, getting 26,000 votes, as against 20,000 polled for the Republican candidate and 13,000 for the Democratic. Of the city elections in the East, among the most interesting were those in Bridgeport and Ansonia, Connecticut, where the labor party re-elected present officials. The election as a whole, however, did not show any marked gains for industrial radicalism. In Massachusetts, owing perhaps to the conciliation of radical Democrats by the incorporation of several of their favorite planks in the State platform, the Socialist vote was reduced from 34,000 last year to 25,000 this.

❀

China and America Last week the Russian reoccupation of Mukden, the capital of the Chinese province of Manchuria, gave so much uneasiness to the Chinese Government that it appealed to the United States Government for moral support in resisting the reoccupation. Our Government could not interfere in the matter. Our interests in Manchuria are wholly commercial. While President Roosevelt and his advisers are naturally concerned at Russia's failure to evacuate Manchuria on October 8, as had been promised, and while we must be greatly interested in the Russian reoccupation of a city which, by our new treaty with China, becomes a treaty port, we have nothing whatever to do with the territorial status of Manchuria. Whether that province remains Chinese or becomes Russian, our one duty in the matter is to see that the treaty rights guaranteed to us by the Chinese Government are not impaired by any new ownership. It would seem that Russia's interest lay for the present at least in guaranteeing to us, as she has, the perpetuation of those treaty rights. Russia may feel at some future day that she can do without American trade in Asia, but at present, we believe, she gains rather than loses from that trade.

❀

The Italian Cabinet Last week Signor Giolitti became Prime Minister of Italy. The event is one of more than ordinary importance. The recent resignation of the veteran Premier, Signor Zanardelli, was regarded by most friends of Italy as unfortunate, because it deprived that country of the services of a man who had gained the confidence of the Powers as had perhaps no other Italian statesman since Cavour. This is the more remarkable when one considers Zanardelli's inveterately radical opinions and the Socialist connection which, as in M. Combes's case, made it possible for him to construct a Cabinet. While Signor Zanardelli had latterly lost some of his Socialist support, the real reason of his resignation, it must be believed, was his failing health. With regret that this Ministry must be terminated, the King found himself confronted by a choice between two notable candidates for the succession, Signori Sonnino and Giolitti. The former, who is the superior of the latter as a statesman, felt that the time had not yet come for him to take the reins of government. Hence, Victor Emanuel III. asked Signor Giolitti to form a Cabinet. Judging only from the new Premier's previous record, we may expect that the Cabinet's policy will be only clever and ingenious. We trust, however, that it will be statesmanlike also, especially since that eminent economist, Signor Luzzatti, becomes the new Minister of the Treasury. He is a man of wide views and generous impulses, especially toward America. At the session of the last International Agricultural Congress in Rome he defeated the proposition of the German Agrarians who wished to organize a European Zollverein or protectionist

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union against American trade, and in a recent speech he said of us: "They are the people who, alone in the economic field, challenge the world. All countries, ours included, ask, How shall we be able to resist their power, which is unreachable, inviolable, and uncoerceable, having welded together in a free and glorious nation the richest variety of races?"

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The Protestant Episcopal Church Congress

From Bishop Vinton's opening sermon on the relations of the Holy Communion to the spiritual life of the Church to the notable addresses on "The Life of the World to Come" at its concluding session, the Twenty-second Church Congress, held last week in Pittsburg, was devotional in tone. This was markedly true of the discussion of the divorce evil, in which the prominent speakers were the Rev. Charles H. Babcock, D.D., and Bishop Doane. The latter, in view of the fact that the corruption of society is alarmingly and increasingly threatened by the prevalence of divorce, advocated three drastic methods of treatment—the raising of the standard of civil legislation in all States; the securing of concerted action from all Christian churches toward the refusal of remarriage to any save innocent persons divorced on grounds of infidelity; the occupying by the Episcopal Church of the advanced ground advocated by many in its chief legislative body, namely, the refusal of remarriage absolutely and always to persons divorced for any grounds arising after marriage. Two discussions of extreme value to theologians were those on the Evidential Value of Christian Experience and the Miraculous Element of Christianity. The papers on the former subject in some sort answered Professor James, of Harvard. It was affirmed that his "Varieties of Christian Experience" are extravagant and abnormal. Professor Palmer, of Andover, in a notable paper took the ground that religious experience comes through feeling, through sacraments or other institutions, or through the immediate consciousness of God in the deepest recesses of the mind. To make this experience evidentially valid its effects in Godlike character must be visible. The miraculous element in Christianity was treated in a masterful and conservative manner by the Rev. Dr. McConnell, who urged the Christian world by no means to give up its faith in miracles, which are so interwoven with the events of the Gospels as to be inseparable from them. While undue credulity need not be manifested, there is nothing, as even Huxley admitted, inherently improbable in miracles. Although, in view of the development of more influential lines of proof, miracles may not to-day carry their former evidential value, and the order of nature is now understood by man as "God's routine business," there is no reason why, to the minds of men convinced of the existence and government of a personal God, that routine should not be interrupted or suspended for the development of the highest spiritual values. In "The Training of the Clergy" the new Dean of the General Theological Seminary, the Rev. Dr. Robbins, took the broad ground that the mind of the theological student should keep all windows open to the progress of modern thought, and Dr. Canfield, of Columbia University, advocated an increased utilization of lay helpers, and lucidly outlined the necessities for ministerial training in three directions—expert, vigorous, alert, open-minded instructors, sufficient financial maintenance to secure every facility for training and investigation; large-minded, resourceful, magnetic administrators to supervise both students and instructors in our seminaries. Dr. Huntington's paper on the "Change of Name" now advocated in the "Episcopal" councils will probably attract the deepest interest of any given at the Congress. It dealt with the question under the following divisions: First, the present name of the Church is unsatisfactory; second, it is as good a one as under existing conditions we deserve; third, no change is likely or desirable until back of it there shall be discernible a change of heart.

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Two Miles a Minute

Three years ago public attention was called to the fact that in France, between Paris and Amiens, was to be

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found the fastest train in the world. It made the distance between those cities at a speed of about sixty-five miles an hour. The latest test of electricity doubles this speed. On the Zossen-Marienfelde Experimental Railway, in Germany, an electric car has now reached a speed of 131½ miles an hour. Ever since electrical traction became practicable, it has been known that, with all physical conditions favorable, a train may be run for relatively short distances even faster than this. The German test, therefore, confirms what electrical engineers have always regarded as an accepted proposition. It certainly does not add to our knowledge concerning the disputed proposition that, beyond a certain limit, the cost of speed is greater than can be paid by those who travel.

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The Panama Revolution

"Old wives' gossip" is no better when printed in the columns of a daily paper than when whispered with nods and smiles over the teacups. With such gossip certain newspapers have been regaling their readers for the last week in much this style: "They say that President Roosevelt is no better than he should be; that he and John Hay have stirred up this revolution in Panama. Is it not scandalous? To be sure, we do not know; nobody knows. We hope it is not true. But it looks very suspicious. No! of course there is no real evidence. But then somebody in France has said that somebody in Panama has said so. Really, you know, the President must have known it was coming; for everybody knew it was coming. He ought to be more careful. There is really danger that our motives will be called ignoble, and that collusion with the insurgents will be charged against us. And how bad that would be! The President is so—so—so rash; and Mr. Hay is so—so—so diplomatic. It is nothing short of a 'National Disgrace.'"

Yes! it is a National disgrace—that reputable journals should feed their readers on rumors and suspicions, and scandalous accusations founded on nothing better than a "they say." That some Americans residing in Panama have aided and abetted the revolution is probable enough. But that the Administration has directly or indirectly helped to incite a rebellion against a country with which we are on terms of peace, that it has at the same time conducted diplomatic negotiations with that country and excited a revolt against it, is wholly incredible. Whatever Mr. Roosevelt's faults, lack of candor and straightforwardness is not one of them. Whatever Mr. Hay's faults, crookedness in diplomatic dealing is not one of them. It is needless to say that there is not the slightest suggestion of evidence to substantiate these veiled accusations.

We have reported on another page the facts in the Panama situation. The maintenance of an undisturbed communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is a matter of international importance. The United States has assumed the obligation of protecting that communication. Its fulfillment of that treaty concerns not merely, nor even chiefly, the people of Colombia, nor yet the people of Panama; it concerns the railroad corporation, the people of the United States, the people of the civilized world. The treaty is a contract which runs with the land. When New Granada controlled the Isthmus, it was our duty to protect transit across the Isthmus from interference by either foreign foe or domestic violence. When Panama seceded from New Granada, our treaty to protect the freedom of transit passed over to Panama. When Panama became a part of the United States of Colombia, our treaty passed over to Colombia. Now that Panama has again seceded from Colombia, our treaty passes back again to the Republic of Panama. Our duty is not to protect Colombia, as it was not to protect Panama or New Granada; it is to protect the freedom of transit across the Isthmus. Our Government has been prompt to furnish this protection, and in so doing it treats with the *de facto* government actually in control of the Isthmus. It has not formally recognized that government. It has simply directed our Consul-General to deal with it as a *de facto* government, and look to it to protect the persons and property of citi-

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zens of the United States. It has not interfered to prevent Colombia from enforcing its rights of sovereignty, if it has such rights, over the Republic of Panama. It has simply interfered to prevent the landing of troops in the vicinity of Colon or of the city of Panama, because such landing would imperil the conditions of secure transit across the Isthmus. The fact that Colombia cannot get its troops to the Republic of Panama across the intervening mountains is her misfortune and Panama's good fortune, not the fault of the United States.

That the United States Government anticipated the revolution which has occurred is highly probable. The Outlook foresaw its possibility as long ago as last August (August 22, p. 961), and it is at least probable that our Government was as well informed as to coming events as The Outlook. That it prepared itself to meet the event when it did come and to fulfill its obligations is undoubtedly true; it would have been false to its obligations if it had not done so. The promptitude of its action, for which it is so sharply criticised, is the very thing which will most effectively maintain that peaceable transit across the Isthmus which it is under obligation to maintain. There is no parallel between the present conditions in Colombia and those existing in our country at the time of the war of secession, because at that time no foreign government was under any obligation or had any right to keep open any lines of intercommunication in our country. If at that time Great Britain had been under obligation to the world to keep open the Mississippi from Vicksburg to New Orleans, we could have found no fault if she had dealt with the Southern Confederacy as the *de facto* government along the line of the Mississippi, as soon as that Confederacy controlled the Mississippi from Vicksburg to New Orleans.

What of the future? Probably this: A new treaty will be negotiated with the Republic of Panama along the lines of the treaty proposed to Colombia. That Republic will come under the protection of the United States. And the Canal will be built, owned, policed, and controlled by the United States, in a republic which will be under the protection of the United States. The Canal will be open to the commerce of the world on the same terms on which it is open to our commerce. We shall have saved French stockholders in the Panama Canal from being despoiled by robber politicians in Colombia; we shall have saved the Republic of Panama from having been sacrificed by the robber politicians of Colombia; we shall have co-operated with that Republic in preventing the robber politicians of Colombia from thwarting the completion of a world's waterway; we shall have added nothing to our territory, nothing directly to our wealth; but we shall have won the good will and the thanks of the civilized world for the promptitude of our action; and in ten years' time the present critics will suffer the same fate of forgetfulness which has long since befallen the men who condemned the purchase of Louisiana.

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The Tammany Victory

Its Meaning

We suffer no illusions as to the significance of the election in New York City last Tuesday. It reinstates Tammany in control of the city. Tammany will be under some restraint; it will be on its good behavior; it will not go back to the régime of Van Wyck and Devery. Tammany means, if it can, to nominate the Democratic candidate for President in 1904 and to elect him, and to do this it must not shock the moral sense of the Nation as did the Tammany of Croker, Van Wyck, and Devery. It must not be picturesquely wicked; and it will not be. But there is no reason to suppose that it has abandoned or modified in the least degree the three political principles for which it has always avowedly stood; for which, indeed, it stood, without concealment, in the recent campaign.

I. It stands for a partisan administration of the city. The argument for this principle can be stated in a sentence: Party responsibility is fundamental in a democratic government, therefore a party

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must be made responsible for the government of the city. The effect of this argument is to make the municipal election and so the municipal interests subordinate to party victory in the Nation. Mr. McClellan was nominated, not because he had experience in the administration of either public or private business—for he had none; nor because in his political career he had shown statesmanship—the record was searched in vain for evidence of statesmanship. He was nominated because he might make an effective Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1904. The Bryan Democracy would accept him; the Cleveland Democracy would not bolt him. If he could carry the city by a handsome majority in 1903, he might perhaps carry the State by a moderate majority in 1904.

The aim of party managers of the type of Mr. Gorman and Mr. Murphy is plain to be seen. It is first by appeals to race and sectional prejudice to stir up bad blood in the South against the negro and against the North. The aim is diabolical, but it is not improbable that it may succeed in creating again a solid South. If it does, the promoters of the present race campaign in the South are quite indifferent to the political result which may follow a fresh estrangement between South and North, and the social and industrial results which may follow an embittered hostility between white and black. They are the more likely to succeed because the Republican managers, with a fatuity which is to us unfathomable, have ever refused to make any attempt to counteract this effect in the Southern States. They have never conducted a political campaign with any vigor in any Southern State; they have left unrefuted the lie that the North wishes to force social equality and negro supremacy on the South; and a lie often repeated and never effectively denied gains in time the political effect of truth. If, inspired by a supreme desire for political success, however won, the Gorman politicians of the South can make the South solid by appeals to race and sectional prejudice, it will only be necessary for the Murphy politicians of the North to carry New York, Indiana, and one or two other Northern States to elect a Democratic President by a minority popular vote. In the election as they plan it no issue will be presented and none will be decided. Not the tariff issue, for the party refused to sustain under Cleveland the policy of tariff for revenue only; not the foreign policy, for only a small minority of the Democratic party would vote to leave the Philippines before they are prepared for independence, and the policy of the Republican party, avowed by its leaders and acted on by the Administration, is to prepare them for independence as rapidly as possible and leave the question of their future relations to our country to be determined by mutual agreement when they are prepared; not the free-silver issue, for that is not now a living issue nor likely to become so; not trusts, for Mr. Roosevelt by his action has anticipated all that the Democratic party has proposed to do, save only the reduction of the tariff on trust-made goods, and that is too narrow an issue on which to base a Presidential election.

The nomination and election of Mr. McClellan are a preparation to give Tammany a controlling influence in nominating the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1904; perhaps to press upon the Convention Mr. McClellan himself, supported by a majority of over 60,000 in New York City, by a name which is still popular among the Northern Democrats and not unpopular in the South, and by the privately pledged contributions of all that class of corporations which fear or resent government investigation and government control. The democratization of public industries, represented by Mr. Roosevelt in his demand for publicity in the affairs of all great public corporations, and by Mr. Low in his demand for the municipal ownership of all municipal methods of rapid transit, is to be resisted at every hazard, and—such are the extraordinary mutations of politics—is to be resisted in the name of the Democratic party. To those who are resolved, if it be possible, to wrest the National Government from the political control of the Republican party, because the President has resolved to keep it from the corrupt

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control of certain public corporations, what sort of government New York City has for the next two years is a matter of small concern. Tammany stands for the subordination of the municipal interests to party supremacy in the Nation, and in the victory of Tammany this principle has won a victory.

II. The second principle is a necessary corollary from the first. It is, "To the victors belong the spoils." That "a public office is a public trust" is sound Democratic doctrine; one of its ablest exponents is the ablest leader the Democratic party has had for years. To this principle Mr. Low in his administration adhered, perhaps more strictly than was politic, but not more strictly than was wise; for it is sometimes the part of the highest wisdom to sacrifice an apparent immediate result rather than loyalty to a permanent principle. For this principle the Fusion movement stood; its fundamental tenet was the doctrine that just governments exist and are to be administered for the benefit of the governed; for this principle Tammany has no use; it stands, avowedly stands, for the principle that to the victor belong the spoils—that is, that governments exist for the benefit of the office-holders. The people of the city had to chose between a democracy and a bureaucracy, and they have chosen the bureaucracy. Mr. Low represented the cleanest and best administration New York City has ever possessed; but if he had made far more grievous mistakes than he did, he stood all the while for a democratic government—that is, a government for as well as by the people. Mr. McClellan has not the reputation of being a man eminent for ability or for strength of character; but if he should prove himself a greater statesman than the city at present believes him to be, he still stands for a bureaucratic government—that is, a government by and for the machine. New York City has had put before it popular and machine government, and it has chosen machine government.

III. The third principle for which Tammany stands and which New York City has indorsed is the lax enforcement of the laws against vice. We are convinced that non-enforcement would be better than lax enforcement; for lax enforcement means enforcement of the laws against those who do not pay the police for protection and non-enforcement against those who do. Under lax enforcement, gambling-houses, liquor houses, and houses of ill fame, which, in addition to providing resources for vice, corrupt the police, are treated as innocent, while those who corrupt only the youth but not also the government are treated as guilty. It cannot be doubted, it will hardly be denied, that Tammany stands—it might almost be said openly and avowedly stands—for lax enforcement; for a wide-open town; for liberty to the gamblers and the brothel-keepers to ply their trade undisturbed, provided they pay for the privilege.

We enter here into no denunciation of Tammany or of its representatives or candidates. We attribute to it only the principles which were more or less openly avowed by its representatives in the recent municipal campaign. The men who profit by the vices of a great city, the men who hope to reap a personal profit from the city itself—including alike those who hope to get a dollar-a-day job and those who hope for a million-dollar franchise—and the men who hope to Tammanyize the National Democratic Convention, that through the capture of the Democratic party they may capture the Nation, were the forces which were behind that campaign organizing and directing it. But their votes alone could not have elected Mr. McClellan. Besides these votes were those cast by men who wanted a freedom of personal life which they thought was denied them under an excise law ill adapted to a great city, those who found it easier if not cheaper to pay for special illegal privileges than to conduct their business under a law equally administered for rich and poor alike, and those who, deceived by the name Democratic, believed that they could help toward a partisan victory in 1904 without seriously imperiling or impairing the welfare of this city in 1903. But, whatever the motives which influenced the voters, the significance of their action is to us plain. The Tammany victory is a victory for three principles

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perilous to any community which adopts them:

Partisan administration of municipal affairs.

To the victor belong the spoils.

Enforcement of the law at the pleasure of the police.

The Bankrupt Ship-Yards Trust

Were it not too serious for humorous treatment, the testimony which has been taken before the courts regarding the management of the bankrupt United States Shipbuilding Company would furnish a fit theme for the author of some new "Mikado," who wished to exhibit topsyturvydom in a realm nearer than Japan. We have refrained from commenting upon this testimony until the whole of it should have been taken, because we do not wish to judge of any man's responsibility for the deception of investors until he himself shall have been heard. Already, however, it has been made clear that the nominal directors of this great combination were for a time at least mere puppets moved by the hand of promoters. Some of the directors were young men who had never had a bank account, and who had only a doubtful title to a single share in the stock of the corporation they nominally managed; yet these young men reorganized a company with nominally forty-five million dollars, and issued in addition twenty-six million dollars of bonds in payment for properties which they purchased, to be put on the market for sale to trusting investors. The largest of these purchases was the Bethlehem Steel Company, for which ten million dollars' worth of bonds and twenty million dollars' worth of stock were given. When one of the dummy directors was asked what he knew about the Bethlehem Steel Company, for which he had voted to pay such an enormous price, he replied that he knew practically nothing, except that he thought it was located at Homestead. When asked by the lawyers if he would be surprised to learn that it was located at Bethlehem, he replied that he would not.

Last week, before the completion of the testimony before the court, further light was thrown upon the management of this great concern by an authority whose evidence must be accepted as judicial, though subsequent testimony from Mr. Schwab may possibly explain away the part he now seems to have borne in the transaction. Ex-United States Senator James Smith, appointed receiver by the court, has reported the conditions which he has found. Summed up in the briefest possible way, Mr. Smith finds that the nine shipbuilding and steel companies consolidated into the trust had a self-estimated value on July 13 of last year of $15,400,000. The price paid by the trust for these properties was seventy-one million dollars in bonds and stocks. The twenty-six million dollars of bonds paid for them was nearly double their self-estimated value. The forty-five million dollars of stock represented just so much water—or rather air. The prospectuses issued to investors figured the previous profits of the merged companies unreasonably, if not fraudulently. At some points it seemed to the receiver that the records had been willfully falsified. Leaving out the Bethlehem Steel Works, the profits of the individual ship-yards' earnings really amounted to less than nine hundred thousand dollars, but were represented to be two million two hundred thousand dollars. Yet the greatest of all injuries to investors, in the receiver's opinion, was in the transactions relative to the Bethlehem Steel Works. Their self-estimated value, deducting the underlying mortgages, is reported to have been little more than four millions. Yet Mr. Schwab received for them ten millions of bonds and twenty millions of stock, with the further stipulation that the bonds he received should carry with them voting power, so that he was given a majority control of the entire shipbuilding combination. He was also given a special mortgage upon the Bethlehem works to secure his bonds, and his appointees managed the works so as to increase their value at the expense of the stockholders of the trust. During the time the Bethlehem company was nominally managed by the trust, it earned profits,

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according to Receiver Smith, approximating two million dollars a year. None of this sum was turned over to the United States Shipbuilding Company to save it from bankruptcy, but all was used in extending and improving the plant at Bethlehem, so that if the trust went into bankruptcy the holder of the mortgage on the Bethlehem works would get them back worth much more than when he sold them. In the receiver's phrase, the management of the affairs of this great corporation had the character of "an artistic swindle," and he declares that under present laws all those who received stock as a bonus upon the sale of their plants can be held liable for the indebtedness of the combination. If this be law as well as justice, the creditors of the combination will be able to enforce their claims against those responsible for its mismanagement. The creditors, however, are not the only sufferers from bankruptcy of this sort. The law ought to protect the investors who put their money into the stock. Almost the first duty of the law is to protect the security of property; in countries where property is insecure, barbarism is supposed to prevail. It is a disgrace to our civilization that property invested in industrial corporations should be as insecure as property in darkest Africa.

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Our Public Schools

The Testimony of College Presidents

The charge that the public schools are irreligious and tend to irreligion and immorality appears to us to be based, not on any careful investigation of the results of public-school teaching, but as a tacit argument which may be thus expressed: The public schools are irreligious; the age is irreligious: therefore the public schools produce the spirit of irreligion. Occasionally the conclusion is even more remote from the premises, thus: America has public schools; America is lawless: therefore public schools produce lawlessness.

In order to get some light on the question whether such irreligion and lawlessness as exist in America are produced by the public schools, The Outlook recently addressed an inquiry to a number of college presidents, East and West, North and South; some of these colleges endowed institutions, some of them State institutions. The question and the answers will be found on another page. The President of Wofford College, in Spartansburg, S. C., thinks that the moral caliber of students who come from city schools is inferior to that of those who come from rural schools, and he attributes the inferiority in part to the larger classes, the more mechanical methods, and the lack of personal influence of the teacher. President Harper, of Chicago University, has no data on which he is able to base any conclusion. President Wheeler, of California University, reports so few students in that University from private or denominational schools that he can make no comparison, though he testifies to the excellent character of the students who come from the public schools. With these exceptions, these college presidents are unanimous in their report that college experience justifies the statement that the character produced by our public schools is, measured by moral and religious standards, as high as that produced by private schools. There is a difference in the product of different schools, but it is not generic; that is, it is not a difference between public schools and private schools, but a difference between individual schools whether public or private, and it depends, not on the question whether the school is controlled by the State, the Church, or a private owner, but on the personal character of the teachers.

In so far as irreligion and lawlessness are characteristic of modern American life, we must look elsewhere for the causes than to the public schools. We must look, on the one hand, to the inefficiency of homes and churches; on the other hand, to the efficiency of the saloons and the gambling-houses, and perhaps also to the type of character which the later immigration is landing on our shores. And the remedy must be sought, not merely, not even mainly,

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by a change in our public schools, although moral improvement in them is both possible and desirable, but by a change in our whole conception of education, both public and private; by a fuller recognition of the fact that the end of all true education is character-building; by a better home training; by more practical and more spiritual ministry in our churches; in short, by a general elevation of public sentiment through the work of press, pulpit, home, and schools of every description, whether public or private, whether controlled by the State, the Church, or the individual owner.

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On Behalf of the Children

At this season of the year, when the hours of out-of-door activity are growing shorter and the hours of indoor occupation longer, fathers and mothers who are at their wits' end to know what to do for boys and girls, and, above all, fathers and mothers who are eager to aid in the natural growth of their children by making life wholesome, pleasant, attractive, and helpful, ought to consider again the reasons why the placing of good books in the home is not a matter of luxury but a matter of necessity; of elemental furnishing, so to speak.

Healthy boys and girls are restless. This restlessness, so often reproved, so constantly misunderstood, is the overflow of their vitality, the sign of their abundant life. It is to be welcomed as an evidence that the child has energies which may do much if they are allowed to flow in natural channels. Every normal child loves adventure. Every normal man or woman enjoys the story of the doing of splendid deeds, of perils faced, of tasks performed. There is a strain of heroism in everybody's imagination, if not in everybody's character. The boy longs for adventure; he has a right to have it, and it can be found for him at its best in good books. They are the open-sesame to that world of action of which every boy dreams and to that world of idealization which is a part of the life of every girl. The great stories which have their root in mythology, and which every imaginative race has created, ought to be within reach of every boy and girl. In every household it ought to be possible for the child to know the story of Samson, of Ulysses, of Achilles, of Hercules, of Alexander, of Arthur, of Siegfried, as well as the story of Alfred the Great, of William Tell, of Washington, and of Lincoln. Such stories are the natural food of the young imagination, and they are the best material for character-building.

Every normal boy and girl longs to see the world, and the fairy tales are full of the response to this deep human instinct. In every fairy literature there are stories of the world beyond the hills to which boys and girls of imagination are always looking with wistful eyes, their minds filled with questionings and wonder as to what lies over the horizon. It is in good books that the answer to this eager questioning of the young mind is found. In these books the world lies more clearly revealed than in all the maps and geographies; it not only lies there, but it lives there, in every age, in every country, under every costume, in every kind of activity. That material belongs as much to children as their own ancestral histories; it is really a part of their ancestral history. There is no education more valuable or searching than that of bringing them in contact with the best things their race has said, thought, or done; it makes them feel their oneness with the race.

Every healthy boy and girl needs an immense deal of play, not only with the legs and hands, but with the imagination. Childhood ought to be surrounded by a broad zone of mystery and wonder. The unimaginative childhood makes the drudge in middle life and the cynical man in age. The childhood that is rich in imagination brings the artistic quality into work, and distills so much sentiment into the soul that in all the relations of life there is, underneath its cares, responsibilities, and preoccupations, a touch of romance; and life without romance is not only prose, but prose that kills. The world needs more dreamers. There ought to be more lovers and poets among men; there cannot be too many of them. But lovers and poets and heroes are not made in

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middle life; they are made in childhood, and they are made by appeal to the imagination.

No better fortune ever happens to a child than to be allowed to "tumble around in a library," to recall Dr. Holmes's phrase; because the library is full of windows that open on fairyland and doors that open out upon the whole world of human interest, adventure, and achievement. Let the growing boy and girl make friends at the very beginning with the best men and women, let them travel over the whole world and into all times, and make the acquaintance of their race, so that they shall feel that they belong to it and are part of the great organism of society; give them romance and sentiment to keep their souls fresh when the days of drudgery come, their hearts warm and their imaginations alive; to make them to the end of their days poets, lovers, and heroes.

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Theodor Mommsen

Last week a man passed away whose influence on his day and generation had been monumental. In physical appearance a little, wizened, cadaverous, shambling man, walking with head bent down and a book under his arm, his thoughts apparently far away from the actual time and place; a figure lost amidst the stalwart Korpstudenten in the barnlike corridors and lecture-rooms of the University of Berlin; a clean-shaven, spectacled face surmounted by a shock of white hair; a vivacious face when he raised it to look at you, and with a boldness in the quick glance which somehow seemed ill to comport with the slight bodily frame—such was Theodor Mommsen.

No one who has studied at the university in which he was long an honored teacher can look back upon scholastic days there without feeling that Mommsen was a real part of them—even though the student did no more than *hospitiren* with him, under that commendable and generous German academic custom of browsing by which any one may attend some lectures given outside his own course or department. Thus, students of science have been wont to sit at Pfleiderer's feet, theologues have enjoyed Herman Grimm, and art students have besieged Treitschke's courses. It was natural, then, that young men from all university departments should go to hear the great Mommsen. It must be confessed, however, that in personal magnetism the historian of Rome could not compare with the historian of Greece—Curtius, who looked like a Greek and spoke like a Greek as he conducted a small army of students past the archæological treasures of the Altes Museum; nor could he compare with the historian of Christian dogma—Harnack, who would frequently get so interested in discussing Jerome or Basil or Gregory that he would clamber up on his desk and sit on its edge, crossing his legs and looking like a gnome or a gargoyle rather than a reverend professor. But Mommsen, too, was notoriously absorbed in his own thoughts. One day, in a tram-car, he became annoyed at the antics of a small boy sitting next to him, and finally looked down from his newspaper to say: "Can't you keep still? What kind of a boy are you? What's your name, anyway?" The boy responded: "Why, papa, don't you know *me?*"

The little old man, with head bent forward, avoiding the gaze of the curious as far as possible, will no longer be seen on the Unter den Linden. It will be a pleasure to his former students to learn that he did not succumb to old age. Eighty-six years old when he died, he was still writing, and hoped to publish another volume at an early day. The secret of Mommsen's productivity was—industry. He left others to exercise the charm of personality in the spoken word; his influence lay rather in the written word and in the example which he gave of untiring, detailed, colossal achievement. Foremost among investigators and workers, he created an atmosphere at the university in which men of slothful temper felt constrained to work.

Mommsen's career adds another to the many examples of what a poor man's son may do. The elder Mommsen was an impecunious clergyman, but he gave a good education to his boy, and the boy appreciated it enough to win a scholarship when he was graduated from

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Kiel. He passed his Wanderjahre in Italy; and the product of those years was his great "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum." If the fire the other day in the Vatican Library had destroyed the thousands of Latin inscriptions there, not one would have been missing to future students, and this because of the seventeen volumes recording the labor of Mommsen and his disciples. After teaching at various universities Mommsen was called to Berlin, where for more than half a century he has been in the very front rank of the moving spirits who have given that university a first place in the world.

His name and fame will be synonymous with the greatest of all the histories of Rome, a monument of industry, exactness, skill, illumination, and keen criticism, a combination of the merits of Froude, Freeman, Green, and Gardiner. This is, of course, distinctly Mommsen's popular work; his distinctly erudite achievement, aside from the "Corpus," is his "Roman Jurisprudence;" while to specialists he is equally known by the hundreds of lesser studies and essays which he wrote on subjects connected with Roman historical sources.

If in his early career Mommsen was absorbed by the subject to which he had devoted his life, he was later not unmindful of present-day happenings in the political world, and participated in the deliberations of municipal, provincial, and imperial legislative assemblies. Like his great contemporary Virchow, he was an ardent Liberal. In 1848, the year of revolutions, he lost his professorial position under an autocratic government because he openly sympathized with those who were struggling for greater political freedom. Years later he showed that he still cherished his ancient ideals; and an autocratic Chancellor was compelled to prosecute him for libel. Mommsen defended himself before the courts and was able to clear himself of legal blame, the moral effect of his peppery words remaining and rankling in Bismarck's breast. Mommsen drew trouble upon his head with malice prepense. His speeches as member of the Diet or of the Reichstag were oftentimes acidulous and untactful, but oftener reflected the fine enthusiasm of the "old man eloquent" who now combined the careers of the special student and of the propagandist of liberalism in politics.

Probably his most important political work has been his persistent preaching of Anglo-German friendship. In a London paper recently he publicly asked Englishmen to forget the insults received from Germans during the Boer War and to remember only the numerous and vital points of contact between the two nations, the two races, the two languages, and the two literatures, and made this notable confession and forecast:

> We have had, together with the justifiable wish to take and hold our place along with other nations in commerce, in sea power, and in colonization outside Europe, also envy and hatred toward older and more fortunate rivals. But I know that I speak, not only for myself, but for the best (and at the same time the great majority) of the German people when I say that, though we have no doubt disapproved and will continue to disapprove some single act of the English nation, we yet feel ourselves more nearly akin, and in every other respect more intimately allied, to them than to any other nation. . . . I look back over a long life. All that I hoped for my own nation and for the world at large in a small part has been fulfilled; the Holy Alliance of the nations was the aim of my young days and is still the leading star of my old age. I still hold the creed that the Germans and the English are destined to go forward hand in hand.

As showing the narrowness of some anti-English views in Germany, the Berlin "Deutsche Zeitung" irreverently remarked, after reprinting the above: "We hope that now old Mommsen will go to sleep." The "Hamburger Nachrichten," a faithful Bismarckian organ, still as anti-English as was the Chancellor himself, adds: "We can only feel sorry for old Mommsen. Why does he persist in attending to things that do not concern him?" On the other hand, the Liberal Berlin "Vossische Zeitung," "Tante Voss" as it is affectionately called by Berliners, admits that "there is now no inimical conflict of interests between Great Britain and Germany."

By the death of Theodor Mommsen the scholastic world has lost a leader, but Germany is the poorer by the passing of an acute and astute political thinker.

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The Spectator

The Spectator observes with interest that a literary Englishwoman—Mrs. Flora Annie Steel—has been making an onslaught on what she calls the "Ladies' Paper." Mrs. Steel reports having "taken in" a number of periodicals devoted to women's wants, and she thinks meanly of their contents. So hardly, in fact, does she entreat these recommenders of "straight fronts" and "dainty blouses," that a writer in "T. P.'s Weekly" has been tempted to take up the cudgels in their behalf. This defender of the faith declares that women—that is, women of intelligence—read the news of the day as well as the news of the toilet. To quarrel with the Ladies' Papers, she says, "or to accuse all women of frivolity because of their contents, is as if all men were called gamblers because there are several sporting papers." Moreover, she adds, the Ladies' Paper of to-day is an infinite improvement over those of our grandmothers' time.

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"Yes, indeed!" affirmed Mrs. Spectator, when this point was referred to her, where she sat, book in hand, under the red glow of the evening lamp. "Did you ever see the pictures in a 'Godey's Lady's Book' of sixty years ago? Not one of those languishing, impossibly-gowned creatures could walk a block without panting for breath." The Spectator ventured that "he had seen *recent* fashion-plates that looked—" His wife admitted that some "fashion guides" were still foolish, but not all. "That particular woman's paper," she said, "which you men like to poke fun at so sharply, has practical and pretty designs, which one can have copied at home by a cheap dressmaker. You don't know how much your own pocketbook has been saved from time to time by such hints to the wise. Oh, yes, I see that paper often, and so do other women who read The Outlook and the 'North American Review' for recreation. Apropos, I myself have been meditating lately on just the subject those Englishwomen are disputing about. I realize that a great deal of what is written for women readers is foolish—many of the stories are pointless, and the accounts of what poor people can accomplish on a few dollars a year may be misleading. But the whole influence of such papers is toward a sort of systematic, economical daintiness in American home life. You know as well as I that the average American family—the family of the skilled workman, or the small business man, or the bookkeeper—has gone about too long in its shirt-sleeves and a calico wrapper. It has lived on food that was at the same time too rich and too poor. Now the Woman's Monthly and the Woman's Page preach the downfall of curl-papers and ill-cooked dinners. Sixty years ago the American girl aimed to be an 'elegant female.' Now she is exhorted to eat roast beef and to keep in the open air."

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At this point the Spectator suggested that he had heard the wife of his bosom only recently fulminating against the Woman's Page for recommending its readers to change their profiles, and to accomplish physical culture wonders by the aid of "a child's skipping-rope." "Oh, yes!" sighed Mrs. Spectator, "it's true. Only the other day I read that you may reduce your weight by standing first on one foot, then on the other. Those beauty columns are designed mostly to display non-illustrative portraits of alleged pretty girls, highly pompadoured, in 'poses full of grace.' But even the beauty-writers are sometimes practical. When asked for 'complexion cures,' they answer quite frankly that 'fresh air, exercise, loose clothing, early hours, and a moderate diet' are better than lotions and potions. They do, of course, furnish recipes for lotions and potions, when the inquirer won't be content without. But the foolish ones are not invariably answered according to their folly." Here Mrs. Spectator fished up a newspaper cutting from some mysterious recesses of that gay-colored Indian basket she always carries around with her—to hold her work, she says, but her family entertain a theory that it may produce any article likely to be in demand, from court-plaster to dynamite.

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"This," pursued Mrs. Spectator, "is an answer to one 'Gertrude,' who writes to inquire—poor thing!—what sort of girl men like. The oracle says: 'Men like the cheerful girl, the girl who is interested and "up" on the affairs of the day, and is ready to joke and have a good time. Men have troubles of their own. They don't like to be greeted with hard-luck stories when they call on girls.' As a matter of fact," added Mrs. Spectator, folding up the scrap of paper, "men do like the lugubrious woman, so long as she flatters them by clinging to their manly strength. But, flirtations apart, that's very sensible advice, now isn't it?"

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The Spectator ignored the slur on his sex implied in her penultimate remark. "Do you think," he asked, "that these ladies of whom you have just been speaking find their recreation in The Outlook and the 'North American Review' to any—er—great extent?" "Certainly not!" replied Mrs. Spectator, with prompt cheerfulness. "The women who devour the Beauty Column seldom read anything else—just as there are men who study only the baseball news. But here"—and she produced a big manila envelope that bulged with clippings—"here are some 'Housekeepers' Columns' from a Sunday newspaper that I've saved because I have conceived an affection for the contributors. These women, too, don't read much. Socially, perhaps, they're below the level of the Woman's Paper readers; morally they're far above the plane of the Beauty Column adherents; and emotionally—they're dears. Every woman of them loves her husband and tries to bring up her children sensibly. They exchange 'rules' for crocheting lamp-mats and babies' caps, and for embroidering whisk-broom holders—probably their dear, cozy, ugly houses are littered with plush albums and crayon portraits. But they are reaching out after more and more sensible ways to express their diligence and to care for their 'loved ones.' 'Nurse Emma,' 'Freddie's Mamma,' and 'Mother Bunch' respond freely to requests for hints about children's diet, family discipline, and cold-water baths for tired mothers. The 'sisters' exhort one another to take fresh air and exercise, to simplify their housekeeping arrangements, and not to ruin eyesight and temper in making elaborate wardrobes for the youngsters. They sympathize tenderly with one another in sickness, or the death of babies. Every one avers that she has 'the best husband in the world'—dear, loyal souls, I wonder what lies behind that, with some of them! And how they do love to see themselves in print! It minds me of departed days, when St. Nicholas and I were young together, and I used to write to the 'Letter-Box.' That delicious thrill of sparse recognition never comes to folk like you, Mr. Spectator, who have grown blasé trying to feed the greedy presses. Here is one woman—she is forty-five, perhaps—who feels just as I used to at fifteen, and who snatches a fearful joy from saying so. Listen: 'Don't you think it good to be able to sit down and write a letter to some one, telling just what is in your mind at the time, and then pick up the paper a few days later and read it all in print, and then to think how many have read that same letter. Something in it may have given some one else a chance to improve themselves in some way.'"

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"She may be able to write English some time, who knows?" murmured the Spectator. "True," said his wife, quite seriously. "And, at any rate, she will have brightened her daily round of duties by one more point of contact with the outer world. You have no notion, sir, how narrow a life such women lead. I, for one, am heartily glad when they can get out of it and compare notes with other aspiring housewives." "So you are an advocate of the 'Ladies' Paper,' as against Mrs. Flora Annie Steel?" observed the Spectator, tentatively, as Mrs. Spectator restored her clippings to the manila envelope. "Well," said Mrs. Spectator, finger on lip, reflecting, "neither the 'Woman's Paper' nor the 'Woman's Page' is altogether ridiculous. And yet"—she left her sentence sagely in mid-air and returned to her enjoyment of "The Mastery of the Pacific."

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OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

These letters from the Presidents of nineteen American colleges are in response to a request from The Outlook for an authoritative answer to the question whether in the experience of the colleges any difference is noticeable in the moral character of young men who come from the public schools and that of those who come from the denominational, church, or other private schools. The inquiry was suggested by the recent public discussion about the public schools and their relation to religion, called out more particularly by the recent utterance of the Rev. W. M. Geer. Mr. Geer declared: "We are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions." The general question of the relation of religion to the public schools was considered editorially in our issue of October 31.—THE EDITORS.

From the President of Amherst College

I WOULD say that at least two-thirds of the students in Amherst College come from public schools. I do not observe any difference in moral character in comparison with students from other schools. On the whole, while there are exceptions on both sides, boys from the public schools who have lived at home until they enter college do better than those who have been sent away from home to school. Very rarely is there a student from a parochial school of the Catholic Church, so I can make no comparison in that respect.

GEORGE HARRIS.

From the President of Bowdoin College

I have never noticed any difference in the moral character of students from the public schools and those who come from denominational, church, or other private schools. There are, however, no Catholic or Episcopal schools in Maine which fit for college, and we have in college at present only one or two students who are fitted in what would be called distinctively church schools. Owing to the practice of using the old academies in Maine towns as practically high schools for the towns in which they are located, the line between private schools and public schools is not quite as sharply drawn as elsewhere. We have some very good Baptist and Methodist schools in the State, which have a wholesome influence on the character of the young men who attend them, but it would be impossible to say that those who come from these schools are distinctly superior in moral character to those who come from the public schools. The character of young men depends much more on the home than on the school from which they come.

WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE.

From the President of the University of California

Almost all our students come from the public schools. Among six hundred and twenty-five newcomers this year, only about fifteen came from what could by any device be described as religious or denominational schools. Our public schools are so well developed and in the main so decidedly superior to any private schools that exist among us that all classes of citizens as a rule send their children to them, except in the case of the Catholic schools. From these Catholic schools few if any come to the University. You see, therefore, we really have no basis of estimate for answering your question.

BENJAMIN I. WHEELER.

From the President of the University of Chicago

I have taken up the question which you have been good enough to suggest with some of our gentlemen. It is our conclusion that we have no statistical information which would give us a basis for judgment on the question suggested. We feel that any reasoning on this subject is of a speculative nature. We do not quite see how to go to work to secure data.

WILLIAM R. HARPER.

From the President of Colorado College

I have not had sufficient experience with students trained exclusively in

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strictly denominational, church, or other private schools to enable me to draw a close distinction between their moral standing as a whole and that of those trained in our public schools. My general observations lead me to feel that a line of distinction, if one is to be drawn, should be drawn between individual schools, and that where the home, the church, and the community—the three strongest factors in molding the child morally—combine to demand strong and definite moral instruction in the public schools, the authorities in these are more than ready to meet this demand; and a recognition of this fact and not an attack upon so-called "godless" public schools is the great need of our day.

WILLIAM F. SLOCUM.

From the President of Cornell University

At the beginning of each year the University Christian Association is in the habit of asking each member of the freshman class to state his or her religious affiliations, and they have informed me that of the present freshman class 574 have reported on the question, of which number 363 have stated that they are members of some recognized church. On consulting the University records we find that of these 574 students 456 came to us from the public schools, while the remaining 118 pursued their preparatory studies in private or in denominational schools; and by checking up these two lists by means of the data which the Christian Association has furnished us, we find that of the 456 from the public schools, 297, or 65 per cent., declare themselves to be church members, while of the 118 from the private and denominational schools only 66, or 56 per cent., make such declaration, the remaining students in each category answering the question in the negative.

What proportion of the second class of schools mentioned above is specifically denominational we have no means of knowing, and I have therefore combined in this class all schools other than public schools, as indeed you have done in your letter of inquiry.

The fact that practically two-thirds of our freshmen who come from the public schools are church members is a conclusive refutation of the allegation that the public schools are breeding an irreligious, immoral, and anarchical class of citizens.

I do not believe the American people will ever consent to vote public moneys for denominational schools. But I see no reason why voluntary arrangements should not be made by the clergy of the respective localities for the systematic religious instruction of children in the public schools under such conditions of time and place as the school authorities might permit, the attendance of pupils at such instruction, of course, to be wholly optional.

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN.

From the President of Hamilton College

The assault upon our public schools as being "godless" because they do not teach any sectarian specialties seems to me unjust. Sectarianism inspires it, whencesoever it comes. Were they contra- or anti-religious, it were different. That they are not. They are not irreverent, nor secular in the bad sense. Their influence ethically is strong and wholesome. God-fearing men and women are in charge of them. Earnest religious character is one of the strong qualifications considered in engaging teachers. They do not issue "pagans" and "lynchers." I see no such marks of mental and moral depravation upon the men of the classes who come up to us mainly from the public schools. The broad common ground of moral obligation upon which the scholars are made to stand is tonic. The alternative is a parochial system, divisive, irresponsible, incoherent, and often enfeebled—a lowered standard of religious "community of interest," a heightened emphasis upon secondary differences, at last permission to a secularistic propaganda. Sectarian schools everywhere would alienate interests that should be held in common. It is the injection of religious divisions into the polity of the State. Either way a specious curse, *vide* France.

M. W. STRYKER.

From the President of Harvard University

About thirty per cent. of the young men who come to Harvard College and

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the Lawrence Scientific School have been trained at public high schools, about twenty-five per cent. at endowed schools, and about sixteen per cent. at private schools, the rest coming from other colleges or scientific schools and from private tutors. We observe that the students who come from public schools cannot be distinguished from the students from other sources on any moral grounds. They are not more lawless, reckless, or insubordinate than any other class of students. There are marked differences between the pupils of one public school and those of another public school, just as there are between pupils of one endowed or one private school and another endowed or private school. These differences could probably be traced to the masters or teachers of the respective schools, or to the local environment. We can detect differences of moral quality in the pupils who come from different schools of the same sort; we do not detect moral differences between all the pupils who come from public schools and all who come from endowed or from private schools. As a rule, the pupils of the public schools have one advantage over pupils from the other preparatory schools—they are more likely to be dependent on their own resources and to realize that dependence. I recognize the sort of students described by the Rev. Mr. Geer as "lusty young pagans;" but, so far as my opportunities of observation have enabled me to judge, those young men are quite as apt to come to college from endowed and private schools as they are from public schools. As to the sources of what you call a "lawless and anarchical class of citizens," I cannot express a confident opinion, because that class is not produced by universities, and, as a rule, does not cross the threshold of the university.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

From the President of Iowa College

In reply to the recent statement of Cardinal Gibbons and the Rev. W. M. Geer with respect to the public schools, I beg to say that there is no indication in the quality and character of Iowa College students, who come here for the most part from high schools, which shows that their training has been "godless" or tending to an anarchical spirit or a spirit of lawlessness. The fact is, our public schools are *not* godless, taken either from the point of view of their *teachers*, who are in a very large majority of cases active Christian people, or in the character and *management* of the schools.

My own experience in traveling about and speaking in the high schools of the State of Iowa is that for the most part they have a daily general exercise which is devotional, and I am often asked by the superintendent or principal to read the Scriptures and lead in prayer.

I think the statements alluded to in your letter are either ignorant or slanderous. They are certainly not justified by any facts observed by me in the Central Western States. Speaking from a personal knowledge of many common schools in Ohio, Michigan, South Dakota, and Iowa, I am certain that the children taught therein are led to admire and seek after the highest Christian ideals.

DAN F. BRADLEY.

From the President of Leland Stanford Junior University

We do not find in general that the moral character of students coming from church or denominational schools is superior to that of students coming from the public schools. On the average, the character of graduates from the public schools is rather higher, but that is in part or wholly due to the fact that idle sons of wealthy parents are often sent to church schools because of their supposed greater rigidity of discipline. It is true that students who go to church schools learn some things which the particular church may value or even regard as vitally essential, but which other churches hold in less esteem.

As a matter of fact, with all their defects and limitations, our public schools, from the primary school to the State university, are sending out a body of sturdy, self-reliant, clean young people, who have in the main the essentials of sound life. The fact that they are self-reliant and do their own thinking is one reason for the attacks made on the

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schools. We do not often find a church school whose product is intellectually or morally above the average of public schools of the same grade.

Ethical training and religious instruction should have a place in all schools, but in so far as they are effective they should be divorced from denominational control. We study politics in the universities, but not under direction of partisan leaders or campaign orators, nor yet under direction of the partisan Central Committees. The same principle holds good in the schools. A school which exists for the sake of education will turn out better men and women than one which exists as a part of any religious or political movement and for the purpose of promoting its special ends. DAVID S. JORDAN.

From the President of the University of Michigan

You ask whether in this University "any difference is noticeable in the moral character of young men who come from the public schools and those who come from denominational, church, or other private schools."

The answer is "No." Two things are overlooked by critics of the public schools:

1. The personal and civic virtues are cultivated by the normal discipline of the schools and also by direct instruction.

2. The character of pupils is affected far more by the character and personal influence of the teachers than by formal instruction in ethics and religion. And it may be confidently asserted that in general the character of the teachers in the public schools is not inferior to the character of teachers in other schools.

JAMES B. ANGELL.

From the President of the University of Minnesota

Almost all the students in the University of Minnesota have come to it from the public schools. I do not notice any difference in the moral character of these young men and women and the moral character of those who come from denominational or other private schools. I do not think a more law-abiding body of students can be found anywhere than are found here; but it is to be said that the University of Minnesota is not a godless institution; worship is held daily, and although the attendance of students is not compulsory, the chapel is ordinarily filled and many times crowded to excess. It does not directly bear upon the subject of your inquiry, but I have just come to my office, and as I walked past one of our public schools I heard the little children singing:

"Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King."

So far as I know, the training in the public schools of Minnesota is in perfect keeping with this stanza. I will add another fact, which was to me exceedingly interesting when I first noticed it. On the first day of the term, when the students of the University gather for worship, the chapel is always crowded to its utmost limits, every seat being occupied and hundreds of students standing wherever there is a vacant space; five or six hundred of these students are new students who have just come to the University. When some old hymn is given out, like "Joy to the world" or "I love to tell the story," it is noticeable that the whole audience sings with an enthusiasm which shows their familiarity with the hymns and a reasonable appreciation of the spirit of the hymns; and this of itself would be a sufficient indication to me that the children who are trained in the public schools who come to the University are not "young pagans who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions." On the contrary, I believe that the training they have received in the public schools tends very strongly to fit them for patriotic citizenship, and I am sure that the training they receive in the University of Minnesota cannot fail to make them more sensible of their duties to their country and more in love with their country as the beneficent mother of us all.

CYRUS NORTHROP.

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From the President of the University of Tennessee

It is to be hoped that this attack upon the public schools is not going to be renewed by the churches, as you fear. I think there is less opposition to public schools in the South than there formerly was, and that they are steadily winning the church people.

It is difficult to make a comparison between the character of young men from the public schools and those from denominational and private schools, but as far as we have been able to observe there is no marked difference. All the secondary schools of the South, both public and private, are in such a chaotic condition that it is difficult to classify them or to draw any conclusions whatever about the results of their work. Fewer church and private schools survive, and the public secondary schools are multiplying and improving. I would say that students from the best and most permanent private training-schools are, on the whole, better trained and work more steadily and systematically than any other students we get. But one can count these training-schools upon his fingers. The majority of the church and private schools are constantly changing their management, have no fixed curriculum or policy, and turn out no better students than the public schools, perhaps hardly as good. The average character of the student from the village and city high school is certainly superior, when we consider training, habits of study, etc., to that of those from the average church and private schools. As I have said, these last have no established course or policy, and we can never count upon them for anything, but must pass on each individual case.

We have still a great many denominational schools in the South, called academies and colleges, which are really nothing more than ungraded elementary schools. They receive children of all ages and training and mix them up together. In many cases they compete with the public schools and divide up the people of the community so that it is impossible to maintain any other schools. The tendency, however, is to eliminate these schools and concentrate interest and effort upon the public schools.

I think the opposition to public schools on the old ground that they are "infidel" or "non-Christian" is growing weaker in the South. Our people are beginning to see that the family, the church, and the State are not separate institutions, but represent the same people acting as parents, church members, and as citizens. If the public school is non-Christian, it is, therefore, the fault of these same church members and citizens. There is, I am glad to say, in the South little or no opposition to religious instruction in the public schools; the Bible is almost universally read in the schools and prayers are said regularly in almost all of them. The resolution adopted by the teachers at the Summer School of the South in 1902 expresses the opinion of the Southern people with regard to religion in the schools. "Conscious of our dependence upon the God of our fathers, and believing that the highest and truest civilization can be attained only by following the precepts of the great teacher, Jesus Christ, we favor the recognition of the Bible in our public schools," they declared, and this expresses Southern sentiment.

In no church or family are Christian principles more fully recognized than in a good public school taught by a conscientious Christian man or woman. Nowhere are our children more shielded or better protected from their own lower natures than in such a school with such a teacher. In my opinion, no people can be found in any profession with higher Christian character, more accurate knowledge of children, or a more devoted spirit of self-sacrifice, than the teachers in our Southern schools; such teachers, for example, as attended the summer school here the last two years. While the public school does not assume the functions either of the family or the church, both its teachers and pupils live in our Christian homes and are gathered in our Christian churches, and are what they are there made. If our American public schools are un-Christian, it is because this Christian people allows them to become so.

In accordance with this view, the old

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distinction between Christian and secular disappears entirely. Our whole life is sacred, and there should be no part of it which the Christian citizen can dare call "common or unclean." What we are striving to accomplish is that all church people shall recognize this fact and come forward and help us make our public schools what they ought to be—the best schools in the world for making character.

CHARLES D. DABNEY.

From the President of Tulane University

Forty per cent. of the student body of Tulane University are trained in public schools and come to the University from that source. Sixty per cent. of its graduating class, for some years past, were students in the public schools. During my presidency of the University of North Carolina, from 1896–1900, even a larger per cent. of the student body came from the public schools. This gives me some basis upon which to form a judgment. I cannot, for lack of time, enter into a close statistical presentation of this subject. There is no sharply defined difference in the moral character of the two classes of young students, save, perhaps, that the boy trained in the public school is likely to be a better democrat, a little wider and larger in his point of view, a little better able to get on terms with the life about him, a little more qualified for leadership among his fellows. Of course this is a general statement, with exceptions in abundance to prove the rule. Much depends upon the character of the men conducting the schools, whether they be private or public, and much depends upon the character of the boy as he comes from home. Any contention, however, that the public schools are breeding a lawless and anarchical class of citizens is to me an utterly baseless contention. I have been in close contact with hundreds of young men trained in the public schools for twenty years. As I call them over in my mind, I find that not one per cent. of them are godless or anarchical. Some of them are not famous for piety, but they are neither godless men nor anarchists. They are good, wholesome, American men, fond of their homes and proud of their country. I am far from making any brief against the private or church school when dominated by a clean, strong man. There are many splendid schools of this character all about us, but, as Daniel Webster said, "If I had as many sons as old Priam, I would send them all to the public school." Of course these schools are far from perfect. Personally, I think that the friction of the good public school makes for the best sort of real morality. It is quite possible that in both public and private schools more and wiser thought should be given and more time devoted to ethical and moral instruction. If there has been remissness here, it is due more to the mood of mind of the whole age than to anything inherent in the structure of these schools. The remedy is not to disrupt the schools of the people, or to attempt again any fatal union of Church and State, but to study more and more the growing child, how we grown-up folks may get closer and closer to that dim life with real power in our minds and hearts to awaken right ideals and to make character. The most moral institution that I know of is a wisely ordered, beautiful kindergarten infused through and through with the spirit of some unselfish teachers. We must learn to get at the *heart* of the child.

It will take all the wisdom of democracy to make the public-school system efficient for its high purposes in our coming National life, but the spirit that is in it, while it is a freedom-giving spirit, is also a spirit that fosters respect for law and positive love for the State and its institutions, and a kind of manly gratitude which prompts the public-school-trained man to do something for the State which has helped him to be strong.

The argument of the Rev. William Geer, of Trinity Church, New York City, does not seem to me to be an argument, but a sort of nightmare for which there is no basis of fact. The nicest and most difficult task of a democracy is to build an efficient school system for the training of its children. Thus far, mistakes have been made in abundance, but splendid progress toward an ideal has been made, and Mr. Geer's rank pessimism is not

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taken seriously by those of us who are near enough to the problem to be aware of the actual conditions. It is true that a half-century of public schools has not produced an ideal citizenship. It is also true that twenty centuries of Christianity have not produced an ideal Christian civilization. Neither of these facts, however, lessens my faith in the everlasting power of the Christian idea, or the essential power of the public-school idea.

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN.

From the President of Union University

You ask if any difference is noticeable in the moral character of young men who come from public schools and those who come from denominational, church, or other private schools. Such a question should not be answered offhand, and so I have taken pains to gather data pertinent to the inquiry. After considering them carefully, I am led, rather against my preconceptions, to the conclusion that in moral conviction, strength of character, and uprightness of life the students who come from private schools are not to be distinguished as a class from students who come from public schools. Certainly there is no difference sufficient to set the one group sharply over against the other by way of contrast. I have made another classification which shows some marked differences between the two groups of students, and indicates that moral qualities are determined by home rather than by school influences.

ANDREW W. RAYMOND.

From the President of the University of Virginia

In the experience of the officials of this University, no difference has been noticed in the moral character of the young men who come from the public schools as compared with those who come from denominational, church, or other private schools.

J. M. PAGE.

From the President of the University of Wisconsin

Your letter to Dr. Birge asking as to the moral character of the students of the University of Wisconsin who come from the public schools as compared with that of the students who come from denominational schools has been referred to me for answer. No one here has ever considered this matter; therefore no data are available upon which to make the comparison requested.

At the present time more than ninety per cent. of our students come from the public schools. These students include many Protestants, many Catholics, and also students who are not identified with any church.

CHARLES R. VAN HISE.

From the President of Wofford College

In the experience of Wofford College there is no noticeable difference in the moral character of the young men who come to us from the private and denominational schools and those who come from the country public schools. But we do notice a difference in the moral quality of those who come from such schools and those who come from the city public schools, and this difference is so marked that it has long been a matter of discussion with us. In brief, we find that the students from the city public schools are less mature than those of the same age from the other schools; they are less earnest, and are more given to the petty vices that easily develop into the larger ones; they are somehow wanting in the stamina necessary to carry them through, and drop out of college early in the course; they maintain longer a boyish flippancy and trickiness, and lack the serious manliness and the high sense of honor that characterize the product of the best private schools. Of course there are shining exceptions to these generalizations.

These differences are attributed to several important and, indeed, fatal defects in the city schools; they show a tendency to harden into a mechanical system in which stress is laid upon mere intellectual cleverness and smartness; they are indifferent, timid, and hesitant in their handling of the sources and impulses of the moral life; the individual teachers fail to make that personal contact with the pupil so necessary in the building of character. These defects may be partly due to the generally overcrowded condition of the city schools—

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so overcrowded that it seems that anything like a successful, smooth working of the system is possible only under a machine method that grinds out a merely knowledge-crammed, superficially clever product. The aims and ideals growing out of such a method inevitably control the teacher, and his strictly ethical value to the pupil ends with his maintaining "order," and keeping the system going, with the least possible friction. The higher ends of moral discipline are apt to be obscured, or, at any rate, rendered secondary.

In the private schools, however, and, indeed, in the country schools, the numbers are fewer, and the relations between the teacher and taught are more intimate, more friendly, and far more human, and intellectual cleverness is not permitted to take the place of moral soundness. Moreover, in the private schools there is no apologetic indifferentism in the matter of direct moral instruction, and there is the persistent effort to hold up the highest ideals of virtue and character. So far is this the case that the best private schools have a distinct moral tone, or atmosphere, that is easily discernible in the students who come from them. In some cases, where the schools are of long standing, this fine moral atmosphere is an inherited asset of such value that both master and pupils are proud to maintain it unimpaired, and the students feel the impulse of it all through their college course. I despair of the public-school system attaining to anything like this under present methods.

HENRY N. SNYDER.

From the President of Yale University

In reply to your inquiry of October 15, we feel justified in saying that we have not noticed any adverse effect of the public schools upon the moral character of our students—taking the public-school pupils as a body on the one hand, and comparing them with those of private, church, or denominational schools on the other.

We get a good class of boys from both kinds of institutions.

ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

The Lecture

By Virginia Woodward Cloud

"SHE says they can be done without."

"What?"

"Men can. Be done without."

"Why, how ever—well, go on."

"She says they's discordant notes in Creation's scheme—"

"Well, I never!"

"I wrote some things down best I could on the margin of newspaper that was there, so's to get 'em by heart. She says what a woman can't do ain't worth doing. 'Curb not your powers, my sisters, with bit and bridle like to the ox and mule,' she says."

"Oxes don't wear bits."

"That's what she says, anyhow. 'Shame not the glorious possibilities of womanhood by following like a bondswoman when the sovereignty of leadership is by right yours!' I pretty near got off the bench, and Mis' Jessup turned red in the face and untied her bonnet-strings. The lecture-lady went on telling how unbecoming it was for a free female to turn in appeal to a man for everything. 'Use your own inspired intellecks,' she says. 'Can you name a man in this village whose mind you consider superior to one in this noble assembly of representative women? No!'

"I was running them over to myself, beginning with Uncle Abe Washburn, while she talked, when Mis' Jessup spoke out like it was Experience Meeting. You know her deafness makes her lose about half, and she's always wanting to help somebody along. 'Yes'm,' she says; 'as you ask, it's my duty to speak out. Doctor's got more sense in his little finger than I got in my whole body,' she says, meaning Dr. Jessup. Her back's so wide it hid the lecture-lady all 'cepting her head. The lecture-lady smiled real polite and says:

"'Quite right, my dear madam; nothing

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gives such vitality to a meeting as a call for discussion. I am glad that you opened this question which is so vital to the women of our country and to the progress of the nation. I should advise an immediate consideration of the subject, and appoint this lady—'

"'Excuse me, ma'am,' says Mis' Jessup; 'that isn't just it. I was speaking about the sense of the men in this village. Now, I'll own that all of 'em, so to speak, ain't to be counted in because of one thing and another, but there's the Doctor—'

"'Yes, yes,' says the lecture-lady, real amiable; 'we shall discuss the relative values of the force masculine and the force feminine, all in good time—' I wrote this down so's not to forget it. 'I am convinced that all my sisters resent the assumed superiority of the former, and realize within themselves the voice of Freedom and individual power crying for utterance! Press on to the foreground! Let not your rights be trampled under foot! Let the banner over you be "*Rights!*" Man is the sovereign brute of nature—'

"'Excuse me, ma'am,' says Mis' Jessup, 'but I'd say, meaning no offense, that it would go right hard to have to call the Doctor a "brute."

"The lecture-lady smiled kind of coldly polite and said that she was speaking in abstrack—which means look at it small and it's one way, and look at it large and it's another.

"'Peas is peas, be they a peck or a bushel,' says Mis' Jessup, standing there like your dun cow that a steam whistle can't scare from those pasture bars till they're let down.

"'Your suggestions are of universal interest,' says the lecture-lady, 'and should strike to the heart of every woman whose soul cries for freedom. "Why should I be crushed beneath the wheel of Juggernaut?" should be her cry. "Down with those traditions which rob me of my birthright of liberty!"'

"We were so stirred up now that there was considerable nodding and whispering; the lecture-lady had got real powerful, and Mis' Jessup stood trying to catch every word, and she says:

"'It's a shame, ma'am, that it is!'

"'Yes, shame! shame!' cries the lecture-lady, waving her arms, 'shame, I say, my sister! Let us each avow ourselves free!' And she went on so feelingly, about the heel of man being on her neck, and so exciting about the same flag waving its stars over men and its stripes over women, that it was better than Labor Day parade, and Essie Crim waved her handkerchief.

"'I will no longer suffer in slave-like silence!' says the lecture-lady, waving her arms, and Mis' Jessup spoke out.

"'Don't, ma'am,' she says; 'as I said, it's a shame that any lady should have been treated so bad. You've come to the right place, for I think I'm speaking for all when I say that no woman appeals to us in vain for protection, and I would ask you right now to come home with me and let the Doctor advise you. Anybody can see you've been treated terrible bad by your husband, and if he's gone so far as to use his foot, as you say, ma'am, you've cause for complaint—though with most domestic quarrels there's faults on both sides, ma'am. Maybe your husband is a drinking man—'

"'*Husband!*' cries the lecture-lady, of a sudden losing hold of herself and dancing up and down. '*Me!* Me got a husband? Me put my head into the yoke of slavery? *Me* get trampled on by a *man!*' she screams, slamming her books together and pinning her hat on. 'How dare you insult me? *Husband!*' she panted like 'twas '*Snake!*' and she jumps off the platform, and we all got up together, and she glares at Mis' Jessup like mad. 'How dare you say "Husband!" to me? Do I look like a worm who crawls around the feet of a man? The next time you want a lecturer, send for one of your own purblind, cow-like, servile race, and not an enlightened and emancipated being!' she screams, 'a being who knows not the word "husband!" Ugh! Go home to your *husbands*, you poor, down-trod creatures, and never awaken from your ignorance!'

"And with that she pitches out the door and disappears, while we were all trying to explain that Mis' Jessup meant no harm.

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"Presently Dr. Jessup drove up with his buggy-wheels all mud-splashed.

"'I wish you had got here sooner,' says Mis' Jessup, climbing in, 'to help soothe a poor creetur who was easing her mind here awhile ago.'

"The Doctor said that if it was the female he'd met on her way to the station he guessed she'd eased off pretty much all the mind she'd got, because when he picked her up she was clinging to the fence crying fit to kill herself.

"'Just like they all do,' he says. 'Something had made her mad, and when she come to she cried it out. I said to her, "Want to go to the train?" And I didn't wait, but jumped her in. She was gasping and sobbing, "*Husband!*" so I calculated they'd quarreled, and I says, "There now, don't take it that way, ma'am. If your husband's gone and left you, he'll return, never fear, especially if you're a first-rate cook," I said; "all young people quarrel sometimes, and maybe you can win him back."

"'My, but she mopped her eyes and turned turkey-red as she jumped out and the whistle blew.

"'"*Husband!*" says she. "I'll have you know I haven't *got* any!"

"'"Well, now, is *that* it?" I said. "Then I wouldn't take it that bad, miss: *maybe you'll get one yet!*"

"'But she jumped on that train without so much as "thanky."'"

The Women of America[1]

Second Paper—The Woman in the Small Town

By Elizabeth McCracken

IT has often been said of us in America that we have no leisure class; that as a Nation we resemble Paracelsus at the moment of his attainment:

"Too bent on gaining more to calmly stay
And scrutinize the little which he gained."

This criticism is directed not only against American men, but also, and in equal degree, against the women of America. A foreigner usually is the critic; an Englishman who has lived a disturbed week in New York, or a Frenchman who has tarried an amused fortnight in Washington, or a German who has lingered a perplexed month in Chicago. "American women are too busy; they do too much of too many things," exclaimed one of these at the end of his first day in New York.

But New York is not America, and the women of New York do not make up the entire sum of American women. Indeed, if one chooses to be statistical, one may say that fully three-fourths of all the women in America are to be found, not in cities at all, but in small towns and country villages, and on Eastern farms, Western ranches, and Southern plantations.

These places, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the United States, often far from large cities, are, without doubt, difficult of access to strangers. It may be for this reason that foreigners do not more frequently seek them; and, finding them, discover that in these little communities life is not filled to overflowing with too much of too many things, that in these quiet towns women are not too busy, that here, if anywhere in America, are people who comprise a leisure class.

Toward the end of last January I went directly from a somewhat breathless and overwrought visit to Chicago to a small town in the mining district of Michigan. Very nearly the first words I heard upon alighting from the train formed, as I soon discovered, a keynote to the happy conditions of things in that absorbingly interesting town. My hostess waited, with characteristic serenity, while arrangements regarding the transportation of my luggage to her home were being quickly made; then, commenting upon the "left-over remainders"

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of haste which I had brought from Chicago, she said, with a smile, "You needn't hurry here; there is plenty of time." I had warned both my host and hostess that I should ask many questions, and, forgetting that I need not hurry, I at once began. "Why is there plenty of time here?" I said to my hostess.

She meditated for a moment, and then she said, enigmatically, "Wait, and you will see."

So far as I did see, I think the reason for a certain charmingly leisure spirit with which the women of that town led their unmistakably busy lives was due to the fact that their interests, though keen, were few; that their activities, though deep and real, were not various. Moreover, in social intercourse there was not from day to day a medley of new and unexpected elements. Society consisted in a quiet meeting together of a few familiar friends, not in an excited arriving and departing of a crowd of semi-strangers and casual acquaintances. The women there, in that society, did not "touch and go, and sip the foam of many lives." The size of the town alone made this impossible; as my hostess said, "Every one knows every one else; there is not the stimulus of meeting continually many new people."

Neither were there the restlessness, the superficiality, which sometimes are the results of meeting too often too many new people. There were, on the contrary, a repose and a definiteness of individuality which almost every woman I met in the town possessed, and which, in two or three, amounted to a real distinction.

Some one in the city of Washington to whom I once said, "What do you think the women of Washington are really especially interested in?" replied, "Everything!" When I put a similar question regarding the women of that place to a woman in the town in Michigan, she said in surprise, "Why, it depends upon the particular woman!"

I found that it did. One young woman, who called upon me shortly after, was, one of her friends, an earlier caller, had mentioned to me, a lover of vocal music, and herself an excellent singer. She had lived most of her life in the town, and was a teacher in one of its remarkably well conducted public schools. I rather wondered as to the direction which her love for music had taken; and I asked her friend what she sang. Then, observing that she looked puzzled, I added in explanation, "Church music, or ballads, or—"

"Oh, that depends upon *where* she sings," was the explanation, given in a slightly amazed tone.

This amazement I was not long in understanding. On Sunday morning I recognized the young woman among the men and women of the vested choir; she sang with the chorus, and at the offertory she sang a solo. Her voice was one of the most exquisitely sweet and sympathetic that I have ever heard. Just before the evening service I went with the rector of the parish over to the choir-room to watch the little girls, of whom there were at least half as many in the choir as there were little boys, robe themselves in their crimson vestments. The soloist of the morning had already arrived. She at once turned to the rector and began to discuss with him some musical matter which dealt strictly and somewhat technically with purely ecclesiastical music. Her friend, who also was a member of the choir, was standing near, adjusting her mortar-board cap. "It is church music that she sings," I said, indicating the soloist.

"Why, of course—in church," she replied, with some suggestion of bewilderment.

Later in the week I went to a presentation of "Queen Esther," given by the school-teachers of the town. The young woman who loved vocal music sang the part of the Queen, and sang it with much charm and taste, and evidence of careful preparation.

At her school she sang with her pupils. One evening her friend, remembering that I had spoken of ballads, asked her to sing several for my benefit, which she did in a really delightful manner.

"She sings all kinds of music," I said to her friend.

"Oh, yes," she agreed. "You see, singing is the thing she does."

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It was indeed. The rector told me that she was called upon to do it continuously, for widely differing occasions, quite as a matter of course. He added that much of her training, which evidently was very good, she had obtained without direct instruction. "It's the thing she is interested in," he said.

Her daily work was the teaching of a primary grade in a public school. Aside from the interests of her work, she had this other interest, definite, predominant; and she devoted herself to it almost to the exclusion of any other occupation apart from her teaching, so variously, so completely; and gave of it with such simple and adaptable generosity. And this, because she had that leisure which is possible only in the small community—the leisure which comes of contact with few persons, and these the wonted few.

Aside from those things which go into the strengthening of the one supreme effort in some particular direction which each one of us makes, is there anything that we do, or can do, very thoroughly in the city? Is there any one of us who can have but one secondary interest? Are we not, in short, constrained, as well as inclined, to a contact with too many persons, and an ensuing interest in too many things? Though we may find compensations for the conditions of city life, we must still admit that those conditions forbid leisure, and deny to us that intangible grace of life which only leisure can give, and which, to so large a degree, is to be found in small towns, especially in the lives of women in small towns.

Another young woman gave most of her leisure during the summer, she told me, to the cultivation of her flower garden. Almost every one whom I met in the town lamented the fact that my visit had not been arranged for a summer month. "Because you ought to see that lovely garden," they explained when I asked why they regarded January as so inopportune a season.

"What does she do with her flowers?" I asked one of the gardener's friends.

"She gives them away," was the reply.

"To whom?" was my next question.

"To every one," said the friend, comprehensively. "She decorates the church every Sunday with the loveliest ones; and she sends them to people who are ill, and to people who are well, too; and to people in trouble, and to people who are happy. They go all over town, the flowers from her garden."

The gardener had not contented herself merely with gardening. She was a student of botany. She used a microscope with no little skill, and had in her possession a most beautiful and scientifically arranged herbarium of interesting and in two instances somewhat rare specimens of native wild flowers, which herbarium she had herself made.

"I am very much interested in flowers, you know," she said to me.

In the city, is an interest in flowers always quite so large, quite so sweet and far-reaching, quite so distinct, as this? As a woman living in a city said in reply to the question: "If not, the reason is that there are so many things to do that there is not enough time to do so much of any one thing."

The friends of my hostess in that town in Michigan made up a charming circle. I soon met them all, for they called with punctilious promptitude, and, because of their affectionate regard for my host and hostess, welcomed me into their circle with a friendly cordiality which it is a pleasure to remember. The very manner of that welcome was typical and significant; it took as many forms as there were women who gave it. None of my visitors made any inquiries whatsoever as to what absorbed my days; but they told me, sometimes unknowingly, what absorbed theirs, and invited me, often unconsciously, to share it. Did not Emerson regard this as the ideal of hospitality?

One woman came to call, accompanied by her little baby girl. She was a sweet little child, too shy to speak very much, but still not ill at ease.

"She seems accustomed to calling," I said to my hostess.

"She is," was the reply; "her mother often takes her. Sometimes she brings her to the meeting of the church sewing guild."

"What is her mother particularly interested in?" I asked.

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"Her home," said my hostess, "and her children, and the church."

These are the three great interests of most women in small towns. The life of the village wife and mother is centered in her home, and the life of her home is largely determined by her relationships with her church, for her home is linked with other homes chiefly through her connection with those many "gatherings together" for a common purpose which make the churches of small and isolated communities "meeting-houses" in the truest meaning of the word.

The church of the village is the organizer of its society. Not only is it the one place in the town in which very nearly all the people of the town habitually assemble, and by that very assembling quicken the social instinct which no one of us, however solitary, lacks, but also it creates and permeates social customs.

Several years ago, in a little town in the farming region of Minnesota, I came to know a woman, who, at the time when I saw her first, was living in a boarding-house and impatiently awaiting the completion of her own house, for the building of which she and her husband had long been planning and saving. Few of the families of the town employed servants, and more than one of the busy mothers frankly envied their neighbor's luxurious existence, and advised her to enjoy it while she could.

"You certainly won't have quite so much spare time when you are in your own home," I said to her one afternoon. She had several children, and I knew that, like most of her friends, she would be without what all the people of that section, true to Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's rhyme, described as a "hired girl."

"No," she replied, "I sha'n't have so much time, but I shall have other things. I don't like to board; it's easier than keeping house, but it's not so nice."

"It isn't very homelike," I commented.

"Of course it isn't," she continued, "and it does so cut one off from society."

Her words were most impressive, but I soon realized that she meant something very simple and explicit by them.

"How does it?" I questioned.

"In every way," she explained. "I can't return the hospitality of the family friends; I can't do anything of that kind. I can't have the ladies in to afternoon tea; my husband can't have his friends in evenings; I can't have the choir come for a social gathering, nor the children's companions for a party. I can't invite the sewing guild to meet with me, and I can't entertain my minister and his wife." She ceased her rueful recital and said with a laugh, "But I ought not to complain; our house is almost finished, so I sha'n't be out of things much longer."

The things to which she referred were the social functions she had cited; each one of these grew out of her union with her church. In order that she might contribute her share to the common social fund, and thus render herself free to partake of these things, its benefits, and to secure them for her husband and children, she needed, and she knew that she needed, her own home.

I went away from that village in Minnesota before the house of my friend was quite finished; and long before I returned again, it had become an accustomed fact, even to its mistress, who dispensed its hospitality with untiring zest and warmth. I did not, as I had hoped to do, go to her town last winter, but I met her, by a happy chance, in an adjoining city, whither she had gone for a short visit. She gave me a brief account of our mutual acquaintances in her village, and then she told me at great length of various improvements which she and her husband had made in the furnishings and surroundings of their home.

"I like to think of your house," I said to her. "You have been quite as glad to have it as you expected to be, haven't you?"

"Yes," she said, contentedly, "I have. There is a lot of care and work about it, but I don't mind. We enjoy our home, my husband and I and the children; and," she added, naïvely, "our friends do too."

I remembered a tendency I had had when in her town to pause involuntarily at her front gate. "I know they do," I

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said, warmly, and she colored with pleasure, for in her the social instinct was very strong.

"I don't know how it is in a city," she went on to say, "but in a small town a woman can't get any satisfaction out of life—especially a woman with a family—unless she has her own home. She can't do her part any other way, and her children don't grow up with the right idea of things."

Certain it is that she was doing her part. As for her own idea of things, was it not utterly and exactly right? It is true of America, as it is not true of any other nation of the world, that any pursuit which a woman shows herself desirous and capable of following, she is free to follow. And American women have proven themselves very able in very many directions; but in small towns—and three-fifths, at least, of the women of America are in small towns—it is in the making of homes that they are most able, that they do their parts best.

They make their homes, as artists make great pictures, not so much because they will, as because they must. Like great artists, they give to the making, themselves; and out of their renunciation, out of their travail, and out of their joy are builded up and welded together these households, simple, happy, and good, which are our greatest national strength, as well as our most typical national achievement. Whatever America may be in the future, it is to-day a nation of small communities; and these communities are merely groups of homes, made by American women.

The women of villages, so far as I have known them, take very little interest in the life of the outside world. This can scarcely be regarded as an unavoidable ill; for even when journeying is not possible, newspapers are readily to be obtained; and many villages have their libraries and reading-rooms.

My hostess in the village in Michigan considered for some moments before she replied to my question, "Why is it that the vital matters of the outside world are not of vital interest to the people, especially to the women, here?" Then she said: "Because these matters *are* outside; they have no immediate bearing on conditions here."

Chicago was comparatively easy of access to that town; many of the residents subscribed regularly to Chicago newspapers; several women of the town went not infrequently to Chicago; but there was not one habit or custom in the entire order of things in the place as they were directed by women which even remotely suggested any influence imposed by Chicago. That the result was a certain provincialism need hardly be said, but it was at least a provincialism after its own kind, not after the kind of Chicago.

A town which I visited in Minnesota after leaving Michigan seemed to me even more isolated, and with less apparent reason, than the town in Michigan. It was very near Minneapolis. Furthermore, Minneapolis comes more frequently and more closely into contact with New York than any other city west of Cleveland, and yet the women of that town lived even more to themselves than the women in a somewhat inaccessible village in the swamps of Mississippi to which later I went. Two of them whom I particularly remember were persons of the most delicate refinement. They ordered their homes and trained their children after the time-honored ways of gentlewomen; they were accomplished and well read and mentally alert; but they were curiously untouched by the world so immediately outside them. It interested them in some sort, it is true, but they had not in the slightest degree that subtle feeling of kinship with it which women of their kind living in cities invariably possess to so great a degree.

The explanation goes back to the pioneer days. Minnesota is not an old State. Its pioneer life is not yet completely merged into its village life. The farm of the earlier time was necessarily out of any possibility of communication even with the next farm during many months of the year; for the next farm was seldom less than fifteen miles away, and the roads were often closed by storms. The women of the farm learned to live much alone. Is it strange that their children, the women now living in

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the towns which have grown up around those farms, should still keep in so large a measure apart?

New York and Boston, however, have much less effect upon the circumstances of life in the small towns of the New England and Middle Atlantic States than we are accustomed to suppose. I was much amazed to discover that this was true even of villages directly on the main railroad and within less than a day's journey of the one city or the other. One New England town to which I went was about four hours distant from Boston, on the one hand, and five hours from New York, on the other; but so far as I saw, and so far as all the women whom I met convinced me, even those things which are most characteristic of life in New York and in Boston did not, by force of imitation, enter into the customs or into the conversation of that town.

A woman to whom I expressed my natural surprise at this unexpected provincialism—as she herself somewhat proudly named it—said emphatically that by nothing but by force of imitation could metropolitan usage, or even so much as an interest in metropolitan affairs, come into a small town!

"But why?" I ventured.

"Because they have no proper place in a small town," she said.

"Why not?" I again queried.

"For the reason that the people of a small town can take no active part in them," she replied.

"Not when the town is so near two cities as this?" I advanced, tentatively.

"No," she insisted; "because, though this is near, it isn't near enough."

"How near is near enough?" I asked, eagerly.

My new acquaintance tried to say it without smiling, but she could not: "About as near as Montclair is to New York, and Cambridge to Boston." Then she added, more seriously, "Near enough for daily visits. Most of us here can go to the city not oftener than once or twice a year. We *live* here! our interests not only are here, but they should be here. Why should we, for instance, discuss Herr Conried's probable policy in managing the Metropolitan Opera-House? What difference does it make to us? We shall not hear the operas, whoever conducts them; so hadn't we much better devote our time to discussing ways and means of getting an organ for the church here? We *shall* hear the organ."

This is a simple social creed; but is it not wholesome? Is it not just because the women of small towns are—unknowingly to themselves, often—broad-minded enough to choose the narrow way, that they have the grace and the vigor of mind and body in which as a nation we so openly glory? To give her time and attention only to those pursuits in which she can and may take an active personal interest would seem to be, not the theory, but the practice, of the women in the small towns in most sections of America. The practice may make her life less variegated as to color than that of women living in cities; or, in other words, she may become and remain provincial, but, as a college professor once said, "to be provincial is to be individual."

Most of the small towns which I visited were so small that though many of them had their theaters—called in many cases opera-houses—they almost never had the opportunity of seeing in those theaters any players of first rank; but they had, far more often than they would have in New York, the opportunity of seeing those plays which transcend all rank. I saw "The Taming of the Shrew" last winter in a little village in Oregon, and "The Merchant of Venice" in a town in Nebraska; in a small place in Massachusetts, a recent "Hamlet," unknown to any city, had been seen; and in Tennessee I heard accounts of "King John" and "Coriolanus." These plays were produced, and every year as many plays of Shakespeare are produced, in remote villages, not so much because the people of the villages wish to see plays acted, as because they have read and do read Shakespeare.

Among cultivated people—and the proportion of cultivated people in villages differs little from that proportion in cities—the desire to see plays acted can be kindled only by seeing plays acted by those few persons who, to quote

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Mr. William Winter, "possess the dramatic faculty," and who, because they do possess it, can illuminate and endear to us even Shakespeare himself as no commentator, however gifted with felicity of verbal expression, ever can. Is not the most vivid conception of "Hamlet" in America to-day a remembrance of Mr. Edwin Booth? and has not our "Viola" somewhat of the elusive loveliness of Miss Julia Marlowe? The women of small towns are indifferent to the acted drama in itself only because they have lacked the occasion to witness it at its best.

Great acting they may not see; but great books, and always good books, they read. The free public libraries and public subscription libraries—one or the other of which I found even in the smallest of Western and Southern towns, as well as in New England villages—had been, without exception, instituted by the women of the several communities. One library in a Mississippi town had been erected and endowed by a woman of the place, and another, in a village in Nebraska, was, through the energetic efforts of its women readers in raising money for that purpose by means of various festivals, enabled to purchase yearly a considerable number of new books.

The librarians—usually women—were very kind about showing me the books and giving me catalogues, and telling me, so far as they could, what books were most widely read among the women of their towns. Aside from novels old and new, and poetry old and new, and histories of many times and places, these books were, in all cases, such books as are of a general and permanent nature: books as distantly removed as possible from the faintest hint of the journalistic; books, not about the "questions of the day," but about the questions of all days. Among these were Mr. Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution," but not Mr. Jacob Riis's "How the Other Half Lives;" Mr. William Winter's "Shakespeare's Country," but not his "Shadows of the Stage;" Miss Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," but not Mr. Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery."

Booksellers in various small towns told me, without any inquiring whatsoever on my part, that inasmuch as women were their chief customers, their books were selected with more than a little regard to the wants of their patrons. I found an exquisite little copy of Dr. van Dyke's "The Story of the Other Wise Man" in a book-store in a Massachusetts town; and Temple editions, not only of Shakespeare but of most of his contemporary dramatists, in a similar shop in another Eastern town. In an isolated community in South Carolina I met with a copy of M. Maeterlinck's "Treasure of the Humble."

"Women here read those books which can help them in living their own lives," the rector of the parish in Michigan told me; "not accounts of lives that cannot touch theirs, not academic by-play nor mere cleverness. They read real books." Reflecting upon the many conversations I had last winter with librarians and booksellers in small towns, as well as with the readers themselves, I think women in most small towns do read real books—and as many of them as they can obtain.

The number of these is seldom large, and the advent of a new book is an event welcomed as joyously as the arrival of an honored guest. It must indeed be a book of the favored kind, not a book which, however charming, depends in the slightest measure upon that charm for its appeal, nor yet a book which deals with a particular phase or problem of life out of reach of the village.

A woman belonging, as she mentioned, in a little town in the State of New York, impressed this upon me with especial clearness. I sat beside her one day last winter in a train; and, observing the books which I happened to have with me, she asked to look at them. They were Mr. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto;" a pamphlet copy of Hawthorne, containing "The Great Stone Face;" and that "gentle tale of love and languishment," Thomas Lodge's "Rosalynde."

My traveling companion dipped into all three, as freely as she wished, for I assured her that I was in no haste to begin to read; and the journey's end was not within immediate prospect. She

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read somewhat in each of the three; but it was not long before she closed the other two with an appearance of finality, and gave herself exclusively to the volume of Hawthorne, which was new to her, she said as she returned it.

Then she added: "I had never seen the other two, either."

"But they seem not to interest you," I said.

"They don't interest me," she acquiesced, succinctly. "I don't know enough about what a Ghetto is to care for that one; and I think the other one is tiresome."

"The Great Stone Face" touched her own life; and when I begged her to accept the pamphlet, she turned upon me radiantly. "I do covet it!" she replied; and she surely appeared happy to possess it.

Not only this woman, but the women whom I met, as a whole, in, or from, small towns, seemed to me to be happy in the deepest sense. Mr. Edward Rowland Sill has said that "nothing short of living some segment of life together" can make two persons into friends; and the women of villages are able to live so many and such large segments of life together. As Valence says, this is "munificently much." They enjoy that finest kind of leisure—the leisure to do few things and to do them fully. Above all, they are very learned in "gracious household ways;" and so make their homes that in their towns is to be found as the rule, not the exception, that highest form of society, the intercourse, not between one individual and another, but between one home and another.

A Group of British Biographies

FIVE recent books of biography describe a scholar, a prelate, an encyclopedist, a missionary adventurer, and a fighter of the slums. These five men have made an impress on our times. Each in his way stands for a distinguishing characteristic of the age. Each was built on heroic mold, yet each stood for a separate type of heroism. Each, too, had an element of the picturesque in his temperament or environment.

As a biography, that of Bishop Westcott is perhaps the most important of the group.[1] From first to last a scholar, Brooke Foss Westcott was a leader of men. But his leadership was indirect. He was a teacher of teachers. That he understood the nature of his leadership is plain from his letter to Mr. Gladstone in answer to the offer of the Deanery of Lincoln, which would involve his leaving his professorship at Cambridge. He declined it, saying: ". . . While I have fair strength I believe that I shall be able to do better service to the Church in endeavoring to influence future candidates for Holy Orders at Cambridge than I could possibly hope to do at Lincoln." Though he finally did leave Cambridge, he never abandoned the principle involved in this reply to Mr. Gladstone. He could not hear a concert of Wagner's music without saying of it, "I felt as if I could have thought out a sermon as the sound bore one along." Even when he writes to Miss Whittard, his future wife, he finds it important to set out in order his "views of life." As a boy he was "shy, nervous, thoughtful," with a "sweet, patient, eager face." He showed his heroism even then by rescuing a small boy from a bully, and for a reward met the small boy's sister, and in the end married her. As an undergraduate he was studious. As Canon of Peterborough he was so absorbed in his scholastic work that the Bishop, justly or unjustly, requested his resignation. Even as Bishop of Durham he remained above all a philosopher and expositor.

In the life of such a man there seems little opportunity for the heroic. Yet one who could say, "The spirit of ritualism and the spirit of scientific materialism seem to me essentially the same,"

[1] *Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Sometime Bishop of Durham.* By his Son, Arthur Westcott. With Illustrations. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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and at another time, "What a wild storm of unbelief seems to have seized my whole system," and yet could remain sincere and ingenuous while rising to a high office in a Church not too lenient either in ceremonial or doctrine, had the stuff of which heroes are made.

Archbishop Temple's life appears in a book rather popular in style and cheap in appearance.[1] When he was head of Rugby, his character was analyzed by a boy who wrote to his father the words which have become almost classic: "Temple is an old beast, but a just old beast." It is an additional revelation of Dr. Temple's character to learn that, so far from being disturbed, he was pleased at what the boy had written. When Dr. Temple, then Bishop, married, Archbishop Tait remarked, "Why, here's our only radical Bishop going to marry a relative of three Dukes!" It is in this light, as the doer of picturesque things, that Dr. Temple is seen to the end of his life. He was, for instance, made Bishop of Exeter without ever having been in charge of a parish. A story is told, by the way, of his encounter with a cabman:

His lordship had been attending another meeting at the Exeter Assembly Rooms, and, finding his carriage had not arrived, he hailed a cabman on the rank. Anticipating a short fare and a stingy return, all the cabbies save one declined to take the job on. The 'one' proved to be wise in his generation. On the way to the palace the Bishop evidently conjured up a scheme for dealing with such faulty human nature, for on alighting he coolly handed the driver half a sovereign for what was barely three hundred yards' service. 'My heigh! what will the other cabbies say?' was the astonished jehu's remark, as he held the prized coin up to the gaze of a group of onlookers. What the other cabbies did actually say forbids repetition here—let the moral suffice: Dr. Temple never afterwards experienced any difficulty in getting cabs promptly in Exeter!

This recalls another story of Dr. Temple, then Bishop of London, in a sally with a cabman who, in spite of a bit of socialism in his philosophy, resented being given a tip of eighteen pence, by remarking—

"Look here, mister, you're a bishop. If St. Paul was Bishop of London, do you think he'd 'a' treated me loike this?" The Bishop protested. Quoth he: "If St. Paul were here, he would be Archbishop of Canterbury, and he would have told you to drive him to Lambeth, and have paid you a shilling! Good-night!"

It is this side of Archbishop Temple's character that is chiefly shown in this book; but through it all there stands out the sturdy, determined, kindly, just, and very human personality that deserves a more dignified—though not less human—portraiture than is to be found in these pages.

Belonging in a measure to the same circle of men as that in which Dr. Westcott and Dr. Temple were to be found, was Sir George Grove. His life is told with great skill. Indeed, of the five books here grouped together this is the most successful as a piece of biographical writing.[1]

Most of those who are familiar with the name of Sir George Grove know of him chiefly as the editor of that standard work "The Dictionary of Music and Musicians." To many such it will be a surprise to know that he was an expert engineer and builder of bridges and lighthouses; that he was the originator of the Palestine Exploration Fund; that he was practically the chief maker of "Smith's Bible Dictionary." As a young man he superintended the building of a lighthouse in Jamaica. He traveled in Syria and aroused enthusiasm in excavating sites of Biblical cities. As a result of some discussions about an antiquarian's theory of the tomb of Christ, he started studying the Bible, especially its geographical and topographical statements, and soon became an authority on the subject. All this while he was an enthusiastic musical amateur.

Out of office hours music was George Grove's chief hobby. He unearthed and bought for a trifle an old spinet in a shop in Long Acre, and brought it home. He used to haunt every place where he could hear music or look at it. One of his favorite resorts was Novello's shop, then in Dean Street, Soho, where, in a back room, there was a fine large case full of scores. The choir in Westminster Abbey was not in those days what it now is, but "many an entrancing hour have I spent there in the

[1] *Archbishop Temple.* Being the People's Life of the Right Hon. and Most Rev. Frederick Temple, P.C., D.D., LL.D. By Charles H. Dant. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

[1] *The Life and Letters of Sir George Grove, C.B.* By Charles L. Graves. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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winter months at afternoon service, with the dim candles below and the impenetrable gloom above, when I thought my heart must have come out of me with emotion and longing." It was at one of these services that he heard Richard Clark—then the chief bass of the choir, and credited with being able to take the double D—attempt but fail to descend to that depth in Purcell's "They that go down to the sea in ships."

So he continued his musical studies, but kept free from the narrowness and technicalities of the professional musician. This freedom from professionalism resulted in a sanity of judgment that may be commended to critics of more pretensions, as a letter of his to the "Spectator" about Bach indicates:

In it Grove energetically protests against the notion, then current, that Bach "was a man who *wrote fugues;* that he was prodigiously learned, and equally crabbed and difficult to comprehend; and that, in consequence, to all but professionals and the most initiated of amateurs his pieces are utterly uninteresting." Grove, on the other hand, stoutly maintains that Bach's learning was a very subordinate thing, and that "not *it*, but feeling, tender passionate sentiment, a burning genius, and a prodigious flow and march of ideas, are his characteristics."

He did great service to the English people in preparing "analytical programmes" of concerts, by which he made more intelligible to the ordinary hearer the orchestral works of great composers.

Grove's great enthusiasm was Schubert, and he did a great deal to educate the English hearers of music to the appreciation of that master. "As he was walking along the streets in the City," his biographer relates, "his eye was caught with the legend, 'Shoobert and Grove, wine bottlers,' a collocation that at once tickled his fancy and pleased his sense of the fitness of things." He recognized his own limitation in not being greatly stirred by Wagner; but he was an admirer of Schumann and of Brahms. These were catholic tastes in a land so subject to Handel and Mendelssohn as was England.

It is not possible here to give any idea of the smooth, readable narrative, replete with anecdote and vivid in portraiture, that runs throughout this remarkably successful and valuable biography of a versatile, lovable man, pioneer in at least two fields where pioneers needed to be brave.

The life of James Chalmers[1] is of itself a sufficient refutation of the theory that the belief in eternal torment for all "heathens," no matter how good, is the "nerve of missions." Let this passage from his autobiography do for a proof:

I delighted in reading the Old Testament and the Revelation to St. John, but was often perplexed as to many Old Testament statements. The God of the Highlands at that time was a terror, and we heard more of Him as such than as the God of love. Mr. Meikle was not considered quite orthodox, as he preached and taught a God of love. I have heard preaching, as a boy and a youth, at which I have shuddered, as the bottomless pit of fire and brimstone has been shown. I have heard preachers say that the saved parents would say Amen and shout Hallelujah as they saw their children who were unbelievers cast forth on the day of judgment to everlasting punishment in the lake of fire. My flesh has creeped, until I was able to get rid of the fearful nightmare.

The effect of teaching like this was to lead me to give up altogether for a time religious things, and even to create in my mind a great antipathy to them, since I felt sure that I was not one of the elect. Still, two men held a wonderfully fascinating power over me and others, and we believed that they were true Christians. These were Mr. Meikle and Mr. Duncan Munroe, a merchant in the town, and one of the United Presbyterian elders. Many quiet and kindly words did Mr. Munroe speak to me, and, strangely enough, I never felt inclined to spurn him. Nearly forty years have gone since that time, and still I see the quiet, godly man. In the winter, with his plaid wrapped around him and his genial smile as he came near to you when out walking, he would ask in kind words how you were getting on. How ashamed one felt when in as kindly a manner he referred to some incident, and said he hoped it would not happen again, and that Jesus loved us, and wanted us much to love Him! But, then, he and Mr. Meikle were Arminians, and very unorthodox.

This was the man who afterward became a heroic missionary among savages—one of whose manliness and magnetism Robert Louis Stevenson wrote, "You can't weary me of that fellow; he is as big as a house." This trait of self-reliance was in note:

The reference which Chalmers makes in his autobiography to the conditions under which he entered Cheshunt College is both strong and characteristic. He states: "I

[1] *James Chalmers, His Autobiography and Letters.* By Richard Lovett, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

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have often grieved over the unmanning of myself by becoming a student on charity." This refers to the fact that he was unable to pay his way through college, and that he entered Cheshunt as a student whose expenses were paid by the London Missionary Society.

He was by no means the conventional missionary described by superficial travelers. He did things that shocked the sensibilities of men who believe that there is only one set of methods for saving mankind. He tells of a row in a village on Thursday Island:

Some had nasty cut heads and others bruised bodies. It was all about a girl who ran away from her friends because of her dislike to the youth they wished her to marry. I hoped it was over and had the bell rung for school. Shortly after we had begun I heard them begin again with their fiendish howlings and screamings. A friend fetched me, saying they had got the girl, and she was likely to be murdered between the parties. I seized my stick and felt militant. The arrows were flying, but I hurried on to the center, where there was a fearful scrimmage, and heavy sticks at work. Holding my stick above my head for defense, I got to where the girl was pulled every way by arms and legs, and in a faint. One flourish of the stick, and a proper shout, and I had the girl in my left arm. They attempted to close round me, but I warned them as they had never been warned before, and I carried the girl triumphantly inside of our fence, and delivered her to the charge of friends, and gave orders that no outsider was to be allowed in. Poor girl, she was "close up gone." Now, the whole business was quite refreshing, and I felt much better after it.

He lived through shipwreck and privation finally to be murdered in New Guinea—a Christian warrior if there ever was one, and a type of the best missionary of the modern age.

Father Dolling, who died last year and whose biography is now published,[1] was a man of very different type to all outward appearance, but likewise eager to get into the thick of the fight against evil and materialism. An advanced High Churchman of the Anglo-Catholic type, he was as unconventional a priest as ever lived. Born in Ireland, he got his early experiences and first showed his power of personal magnetism as a collector of rents. Finally, by way of Cambridge, he found himself a vicar in London. He was discontented except when joining in the whirling human life of a great city. He belonged to that group of clergymen whose work is thus described by one of their number, Father Stanton:

1. We have thrown a bridge of friendship across that gaping chasm that separates the clergy from the working classes, and the interchange is mutually appreciated.
2. We have proved that such friendliness is not only duty but great enjoyment.
3. We have shown many that even Ritualistic parsons *can* care for something else besides candles and "clergymen's clothes."
4. We have supplied from our own resources wholesome and rational amusements.
5. We have made many comfortable whose duties involve great discomfort, and have given very many the opportunity of a seaside holiday. Are you content with this? I am; and more than content.

Father Dolling's biographer remarks:

Most of the men who worked at St. Agatha's, whether clergy or lay helpers (resident or occasional) managed to catch something, without mere imitation, of Dolling's peculiar spirit, a union, not so very common, of a sense of duty with a sense of humor. They learned to know the right time to laugh and the right time to be serious, since human affairs, in this very mixed and apparently illogical world, afford natural motives for both moods. The men who worked with Dolling became, in many cases, strong friends with the soldiers, sailors, and young artisans who were rapidly attracted to the mission by the gymnasium and other social centers. There is a frank generosity in youth, when unspoiled by snobbery or priggishness, which made it possible for undergraduates, or men of a similar stamp attached to the mission, to get to know young fellows of the working classes in that spirit of comradeship of which Walt Whitman is the singer.

Extreme ritualist though he was, Dolling was not a narrow one. One of his helpers was a strong Protestant, Greene by name.

Greene had a perfectly unritualistic mind, and St. Agatha's, with its processions, its incense, its colored vestments, and its dramatic mode of worship, must have been to him, an honest Irish Protestant, a considerable surprise. Dolling and he, however, conceived for each other from the start a warm affection. In fact, Father Dolling magnetized him as he did so many other people, although Greene did not accept everything straight off just because Dolling held or practiced it. Greene was essentially manly in character; he had the *mens sana in corpore sano*, nor had he the slightest sympathy with the sickly sentimentalism

[1] *The Life of Father Dolling.* By Charles E. Osborne. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

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which Catholic devotion, when perverted, is often apt to breed.

If Protestantism tends often to become hard, dull, and prosaic, Catholicism of every kind, when untempered by the healthy development of individuality, often runs to seed in the direction of an exclusively feminine or even well-nigh hysterical type of piety, the type which raised the ire of Charles Kingsley. From such a danger the presence of such persons as Greene, next to Dolling's strong manliness of character, saved St. Agatha's. The objectionable type of "pious female" or sentimental youth had either to go to other pastures in search of their appropriate spiritual nutriment, or else, if they stayed, to add a little common sense to their store of devotion. Unless hopeless, they soon "got the nonsense knocked out of them," as Dolling used to say. He generally accomplished this by setting such persons some practical work to do not involving any highly wrought feelings; as when a High Church youth fell on his knees, saying, "Father, I crave a habit" (*i.e.*, a monastic one), Dolling replied, "If you want to do something useful, get up and dust and arrange those books; that will about suit you," pointing to his large and very disordered library. The devotee soon tired of this.

One more quotation must suffice to give a glimpse of this character whom many called eccentric just because he was so absolutely sincere:

To great numbers of soldiers Dolling was rather the kindly brother (the "Brother Bob" of his earlier days) than the "Father Dolling" of St. Agatha's. He was their old and dear friend. Yet in some real way they also felt, if they had any touch of respect for things unseen, that he was Christ's minister as well. There was seldom a time at which spurs were not heard clanking up and down the stairs of the parsonage. Perhaps if some good lady came to talk to Father Dolling about a case she was interested in, or about some family trouble, she would find him taking a hasty half-hour's relaxation, sitting in his study smoking with two or three of his soldier boys on furlough, part of which they were spending under the parsonage's hospitable roof. The Father would put down his cigar, and say to some tall dragoon or guardsman: "Now, sonny, I want to talk to this lady. Put on your cap and take a walk down the Commercial Road, and if you are in to tea I will take you and some of the gymnasium fellows to the theater." With a pleasantly natural "Yes, Father; all right," the six-foot "boy" would adjust his cap smartly and depart for his walk, while Father Dolling would be plunged into the mysteries of a case of conscience of an intricate type, his cigar laid aside, his biretta retained.

"How incongruous!" says alike the man of the world and the devotee, and yet both would be wrong. The chaff and joke with his Tommy Atkins friends a few minutes before, the prayer and wise, loving advice bracing the will and heartening the spirit in a few minutes after, were all of a piece. "It was Dolling." To have known him was to have known the essential harmony of his character.

A November Evening

By L. H. Hammond

The sun has passed to other skies, and here
  The work of day is ended. Shadows rise
Out of the empty fields, and softly move
  To the far hills where yet the daylight lies.

Mists brood in the dim valleys. Overhead
  Faint bands of cloud trail in the pale clear blue;
One great star pours its glory through the dusk,
  Witness to light that shines beyond our view.

Bare trees stand out above the stark gray fields;
  The year's spent life is garnered otherwhere,
And tender darkness draws its peace about
  The tired earth, that sleeps, nor dreams of care.

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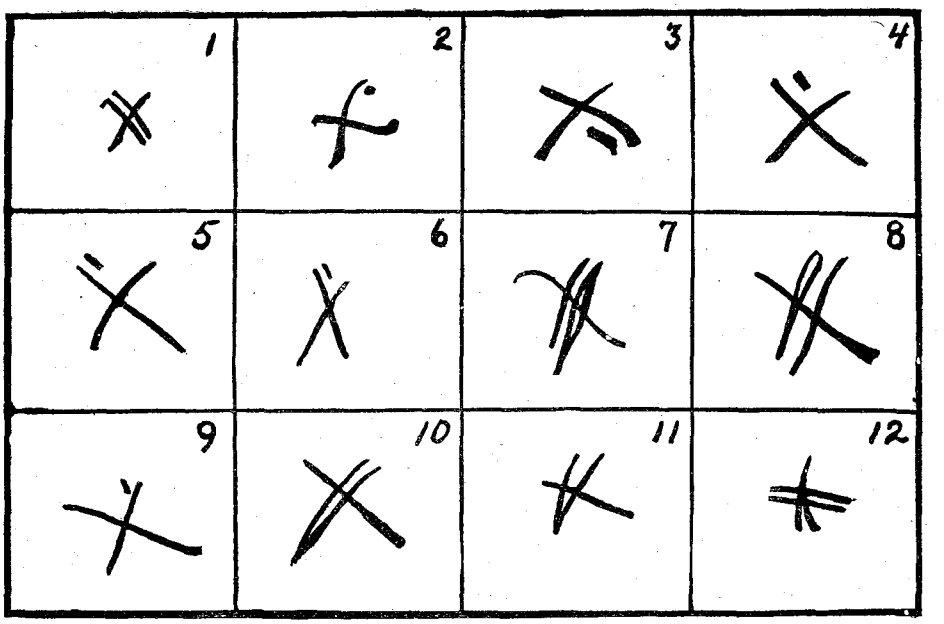

Fraud by Marked Ballots

By Charles Stearns Hartwell

ON November 3, as a volunteer watcher for the Citizens' Union, I stood directly beside the chairman of the Board of Inspectors in a Brooklyn election district while the ballots were counted. In the accompanying diagram are facsimiles of my drawings of the cross made in the circle under some emblem in twelve of the ballots counted. While their validity was being discussed I drew them as accurately as I could. The first was under the Republican emblem, and the eleventh under the Socialist; all the others were in the circle under the Democratic emblem. Eleven represented straight tickets; in the twelfth was one cross for the Republican Alderman. Only the form of the crosses is represented, not necessarily the size or the position in the circle. Numbers 2, 4, 5, 6, and 9 have a distinct dot or dash added to the cross; numbers 1, 3, 10, and 11 have three lines; and numbers 7, 8, and 12 four lines.

The Citizens' Union "Instructions to election district captains, watchers, and challengers" states:

"A void ballot is a ballot upon which no vote can be counted for any candidate." Also, "In the following cases ballots must be declared void by the inspectors. (Section 105; Section 110, Subdiv. 2, Rule 9):

1. Ballots marked upon with any other sign or mark than the cross (X) mark.

3. Ballots having a cross (X) mark or any other kind of mark in any other part of the ballot except in the circles or in the voting spaces to the left of names of the candidates."

The above rules and five others prohibiting pencils not having black lead, erasures, defacing, tearing, repeating names, or inclosing separate pieces of paper or other material, I read to the inspectors in maintaining my protest against the counting of such ballots. The position taken that these extra dots and lines, being within the circles, did not render the ballots void seems to me to conflict with case 1 under the rule, but they were all counted, together with others, drawings of which I was unable to make.

The Citizens' Union "instructions" referred to also states on page 7: "'Void' ballots and 'ballots protested as being marked for identification' must not be returned to the ballot-box, but must be placed in the sealed package provided for that purpose by the Bureau of Elections. (Section III.)"

When the inspectors had decided to

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count several of these marked ballots, I demanded that they be signed by the inspectors as "protested." This was not done, but all of these and some others similarly marked were placed in the ballot-box. Numbers 2 and 8 had been signed on the back by all four inspectors, but will be found in the ballot-box with the others if it is opened by order of the court. I saw both the ballot-box and the package for "void and protested ballots" sealed. No separate return was made of any of the ballots here represented. Eight other ballots were sealed in the package, five of which were recorded as void and three as blanks. A vigorous protest was made by my colleague from the Citizens' Union against the opening of the ballots by others than the Chairman, but he was violently overruled. I do not know for which political parties these five ballots were intended, but I do know that at least sixteen other ballots which seemed to be void were counted and placed in the ballot-box, while none was reported as "protested."

The number of ballots voted in this election district was 98¾ per cent. of the entire registration, and the number of votes counted was 96⅓ per cent. of the registration.

The protests of all Republican and Citizens' Union watchers were finally disregarded, and several ballots previously conceded by the inspectors to be defective were counted, upon the threat of one man that he would mandamus the Board of Inspectors if it declared them void. This man was said to be the Democratic district captain.

The markings most strongly contested were those numbered in the diagram 3 and 10. In case of number 3, at least six persons shared the discussion, including Republican watchers and inspectors. Number 10 was also fiercely contested. On the claim that two of the lines might have been made with one stroke of a broken pencil, a Republican watcher asked how the lines could come together? The inspectors stood two to two, and there was talk of staying all night. At the suggestion of the Republican district captain, the counting of this ballot was postponed, but a little later the threat to mandamus the Board seemed to sweep everything before it when the interpretation of point 3 under the rule as restricting the prohibition of distinguishing marks to the parts of the ballot outside the circles appeared to give authority to count even those which had previously been conceded to be void.

The first rule for preparing ballots, as printed on the large notice posted at the polls for the instruction of voters, reads:

"It shall not be lawful to make any mark upon the official ballot other than the (X) mark in the circle made for the purpose of voting." The Court of Appeals has decided that a check-mark √ makes a ballot void. None of the markings submitted to the reader can fairly be ascribed to age or infirmity. Many other crosses had variations which might be so interpreted. These dots and lines are distinctly made. Two other protests were withdrawn on the ground of possible flaws in the paper. The existence and recurrence of these superfluous marks means something to somebody. I have submitted my drawings to the inspection of perhaps twenty men, some of them well-known lawyers, and with scarcely an exception they agree that these dots and extra lines spell "dough."

What shall we do about it? When we see such things, are we to be permitted in despair to say, "What is the use of doing anything?" The election law undertakes two things: to protect the independence of the voter and to prevent his identification. A hundred feet from possible molestation and within a booth each man is to mark the cross and fold his ballot; then, on emerging, he sees it deposited in the box. That defies the boss. But though a man may claim to have voted as agreed, he is prohibited by law from proving it by any mark whatever upon the ballot itself. This defeats the briber. The corrupt voter may accept money from all parties and then vote a blank if he sees fit.

The facts I have stated concern the honor of one election district in Brooklyn, in a part of the borough by no means regarded as the worst. Does this district suffer alone? Will it not be a warning to bribe-panders and vote-

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sellers, to whatever political party they cling, to have the truth known?

In this election some of our best men have stood as candidates for the Board of Aldermen. In the next I suggest that they volunteer as watchers of the count and stand till the returns are complete and correct.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Antigone: An Account of the Presentation of the Antigone of Sophocles at the Leland Stanford Junior University, April 17-19, 1902. Illustrated. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 5½×8 in. 70 pages. $1, net.

The presentation of "Antigone" in the original Greek at Stanford University last year, followed by its exhibition at Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, and the University of California, was an event of more than local interest, as well as most creditable to Stanford. It deserves the permanent record given to it in this volume, which, with its chapters on "Antigone" as a dramatic study, and on the choral side of the play, together with its twenty full-page illustrations, is a worthy memorial of the responsiveness of modern communities to the charm of ancient art in its portraiture of noble character.

Autobiography of Leigh Hunt (The): With Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries, and with Thornton Hunt's Introduction and Postscript. Newly Edited by Roger Ingpen. Illustrated. In 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. $7.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Borlase & Son. By T. Baron Russell. John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 307 pages. $1.50.

As the curious cover of this story indicates, the novel—if such it may be called—deals with the life of a great shop in London. In fact, there are two shops, one the embodiment of all that is deplorable in the oppression of employees the other, owned and managed by a man who is a gentleman at heart and considerate of his employees, with the sad result that they impose upon him, are jealous of one another, and are just as insubordinate as they dare to be. Both shops are in London, and many things possible in London are, we may rejoice, impossible in New York—such as the wretched system of lodging and boarding the clerks by the employer and the resulting crowding of the employees into cramped and unhealthful quarters and their being fed with improper food. Two-thirds of the book is occupied with a tedious, minute narration of the experiences of employees, but toward the end it suddenly and unexpectedly flares up into a most sensational tragedy. The author, in his preface, asserts that the "inculcating of social and still less of business morality is no part of a novelist's function." If this is so, his book would have small excuse for existence.

Cardinal's Snuff-Box (The). By Henry Harland. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 265 pages. $1.50.

It is hard to praise this charming story, here reprinted in holiday form, too highly, but our praise cannot extend to the decoration, in which the cardinal's color has been abused, nor to the drawings, which are deplorable.

Cark of Coin (The). By Harry Lindsay. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 338 pages. $1.50.

This may be called a sectarian novel, for while through it runs a thread of protest against the principles that obtain in modern business life, ingrained Methodism is the woof and warp of a story the scenes of which are laid in the England of to-day.

Chatterbox for 1903. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 7×9½ in. 412 pages. $1.40.

Christalan. By Katrina Trask. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. 36 pages. $1.25.

This is a sweet story of a stainless, knightly youth, exemplary in duty, perfected through suffering. It is told in good verse, which, with slight uplift on the wings of poetic imagination, is a fair specimen of what our friend Horace would style the *musa pedestris*.

Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson (The). (Centenary Edition.) Vol. IV. **Representative Men, Seven Lectures.** Vol. V. **English Traits.** Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. $1.75 per vol.

Cross Builders (The). By T. Calvin McClelland. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 93 pages.

Dr. McClelland's "Verba Crucis" has prepared us to expect an equally good book, and here it is—eight character studies of "men who touched the supreme tragedy of the life of Jesus," as types of men who go wrong to-day.

Cunnie Rabbit, Mr. Spider, and the Other Beef: West African Folk Tales. By Florence M. Cronise and Henry W. Ward. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 330 pages. $1.50, net.

This is the "real thing" in folk-lore stories; the language of the African negroes has been transcribed literally and phonetically. This makes the book interesting to folk-lore students, but almost beyond the power of the

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general reader to follow easily. Most of us will prefer Mr. Harris's "Uncle Remus."

Curious Book of Birds (The). By Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 191 pages. $1.10, net.

Fanciful tales about birds. There is some moral intention, but not enough to frighten away child readers. The conceits are pretty and graceful.

Cyclopædia of Works of Architecture in Italy, Greece, and the Levant (A). Edited by William P. P. Longfellow. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 7×10 in. 546 pages. $6, net.

This work is adapted both for the general reader and the special student. For the first we could wish that the record of historical association might have been amplified, but for the second this would either have made two volumes necessary or have excluded that fullness of description which the architectural student or connoisseur has a right to expect. Mr. Longfellow gives the fullest treatment to the classical period; the treatment diminishes with the increasing centuries. In the selection of examples Mr. Longfellow has shown excellent taste. His obvious test has naturally been to place architectural interest first and historical interest next. Hence, in a work of this kind, one should not be surprised to note the omission of certain large and conspicuous structures and the inclusion of many buildings less conspicuous, this inclusion being because of some quality in form or because of some importance in the line of evolution. We commend one patent feature in the illustration. As far as possible, we see in Mr. Longfellow's pictures the unfamiliar aspects of familiar monuments.

Daphne: An Autumn Pastoral. By Margaret Sherwood. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 167 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

Dawn in the Dark Continent; or, Africa and its Missions: The Duff Missionary Lectures for 1902. By James Stewart, D.D., M.D. With Maps. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×9 in. 400 pages. $2, net.

This is a work of very high merit. The text is worthily accompanied by maps drawn by no less an authority than Mr. J. G. Bartholomew; indeed, we know of no book on Africa which contains so many and so valuable maps. Dr. Stewart's text is an unparalleled exposition of African missionary labors. He informs us as to the efforts of the Moravians, of the London Society, of the Church of England agencies, of those of the Wesleyan and Episcopal Methodists, of the Baptists, of the Scottish and American Presbyterians and Congregationalists, and of German, French, and Norwegian missions. In the above list, Dr. Stewart's commendation of the Moravians is specially impressive. In that communion one to every sixty communicants becomes a missionary; in every other denomination the ratio is one to every thirty-five hundred communicants. Hence the Moravian Church has become, as Dr. Stewart justly says, by pre-eminence, the Missionary Church of Christendom. The Scotch author draws an interesting parallel between American and Scottish missionaries. He thinks them alike in being shrewd rather than sentimental, practical rather than romantic, though not destitute of sentiment and feeling. Hence there is striking similarity in their educational centers, whether in America at Carlisle and Hampton, or in Africa at Lovedale and Assiut. It is especially in regard to Lovedale and Blythwood, with which the author's career has been closely associated, that a peculiar merit of the book lies. Dr. Stewart's information has ethnological as well as religious value. The real African, says he, is not a thoughtless, laughter-loving, untrainable savage; nor, on the other hand, is he an entirely docile and plastic creature. Often difficult to shape, though generally light-hearted and good-humored, the most valuable asset of Africa is the African himself.

Dickon-Bend-the-Bow, and Other Wonder Tales. By Everett McNeil. Illustrated by Rob Wagner. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O. 7½×9½ in. 174 pages. $1.50.

Door in the Book (The). By Charles Barnard. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 197 pages. $1, net.

This is a nice little book for reading aloud on a rainy Sunday afternoon. The children of the Old Testament are here introduced with all the charm of a fairy tale, and yet are reverently interpreted. The book should interest parents as well as children.

Elizabeth's Charm-String. By Cora B. Forbes. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 238 pages. $1.20, net.

Elizabeth's charm-string is a gift collection of gold and silver charms, brought from abroad by a favorite aunt, who, on their bestowal, relates to the little girl and her friends the Old World legends connected with each.

English Village (An). By Richard Jefferies. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 344 pages. $2.

It was a happy thought on the part of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. (Boston) to bring out Richard Jefferies's "Wild Life in a Southern County" in a new edition, to which they have given the more attractive name, for American readers at least, of "An English Village." No work of Jefferies is more characteristic in its closeness of observation, its intimacy with the landscape, its knowledge of the conditions of the laborers both in the field and in their homes, and its feeling for scenery, than this careful description of a small rural village in the south of England and of the natural life about it. Mr. Clifton Johnson has interpreted the text admirably in a series of twenty-five photographs of nature and rural life made in Wiltshire, and there is an introduction by Mr. Mabie. The volume is an excellent piece of tasteful book-making.

First of the Hoosiers (The): Reminiscences of Edward Eggleston. Illustrated. By George Cary Eggleston. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 382 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

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Gentle Reader (The). By Samuel McChord Crothers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 321 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage extra.)

Reserved for later notice.

God's Open Door. By Rev. T. Rhonda Williams. Adam & Charles Black, London. 5×7½ in. 298 pages.

The author of these twenty-five sermons, the first of which gives the book a title congruous with the character of the series, has lately attracted marked esteem as a visitor to American pulpits. At Bradford, England, where he resides, he has drawn large public interest to his refutations of anti-Christian skeptics. Theologically he represents the more advanced among liberal Congregationalists, whose position is variously indicated in some of these discourses. His aim is constructive, a deepening of religious life after criticism has done its liberating work. To those who fear that criticism brings blight upon religion Mr. Williams's sermon on "All Things through Christ" should give sufficient reassurance.

Handbook of Modern Japan (A). By Ernest W. Clement. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 8×5 in. 395 pages.

One of the most valued, because fruitful, members of the Asiatic Society of Japan, and with the advantage of over fifteen years' residence in the provinces and capital of the Mikado's Empire, Professor Clement is probably the best fitted to give us not only a handbook of Japan but *the* Handbook. His twenty-one chapters, with appendix and index, abundant bibliography, rich discussion of varied topics, make this the best book-picture of the Japan of 1903. Besides readableness, one has the sense, while enjoying it, to know that it is perfectly trustworthy. A laborious and conscientious student has patiently sifted and tested his facts, and with judicial mind presented them. No subject of importance concerning the Japanese and their country is left without treatment. The map is excellent and the very appropriate frontispiece is the monument in honor of Commodore Perry, which the Japanese erected themselves, the Emperor subscribing one thousand yen. This is the book for the library and the busy man in 1903—whether there be peace or war with Russia

Hewers of Wood. By William G. Puddefoot and Isaac Ogden Rankin. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 352 pages. $1.50.

The thread of a life story of lovers alienated, and after bitter experiences reconciled, serves here for the hanging of many sketches of camp and village life in Michigan forests, drawn from the memoranda of a home missionary. In their vivid realism and its alternations of tragedy and comedy the lesson and the power of practical Christianity are made impressive.

High History of the Holy Graal. Translated from the Old French by Sebastian Evans, LL.D. Illustrated by Jessie M. King. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 379 pages. $3.50, net.

In this volume the story of the Holy Graal receives a very handsome setting. It is a large octavo, with an introduction by the translator, Sebastian Evans, well printed on a good page and with numerous illustrations, some of which suggest in a not fully fortunate way the influence of the school of Aubrey Beardsley.

Honor D'Everel. By Barbara Yechton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 362 pages. $1.50.

Honor D'Everel is the eldest daughter of an English family residing in the Danish West Indies. The author makes her a charming and natural girl, surrounded with characters likable and real, and holds the reader's interest to the end in telling her story.

In the Days of Giants. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 262 pages.

The now considerable list of "Children's Classics" is enriched by this volume of legends from the Norse mythology. The author has given them a literary form well suited to juvenile readers.

In the Days of Queen Victoria. By Eva March Tappan, Ph.D. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 354 pages. 80c., net.

This concluding volume of the Makers of England Series is in every respect the equal of its predecessors, and as such is to be commended as one of the best books on historical subjects yet written for the young.

Listener in Babel (A). By Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 322 pages. $1.50.

This last volume of Miss Scudder's is a succession of scenes reflecting the agitations of the social world, and revealing the spirit in which different members of American society face its problems—college professor, business man, labor leader, anarchist, etc.—they represent "man thinking." Giving up her profession as artist and a college appointment in her eagerness for contact with the realities of democracy, two years' residence in a settlement bring the "Listener" through doubt and despair to a pathway "leading to the Land of Hope." No absolute answer is attempted, but the watchword for the struggle is: "Watch, then; desire; work; and face the East." Miss Scudder speaks from the heart of experience, and her "witness is true."

Little Girl in Old St. Louis (A). By Amanda M. Douglas. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 323 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 12c.)

This pleasing tale carries Renée de Longueville through the experiences of child, maiden, wife, and motherhood in the St. Louis of a century ago.

Living Christ (The): The Vital Force in Pulpit and Pew. By Rev. George H. Ide, D.D. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×8 in. 295 pages. $1, net.

The sixteen discourses in this volume, which takes its title from the first of them, make it plain why Dr. Ide had so long a pastorate in Milwaukee. In a literary estimate, they are plain sermons to plain people, but they are full of common sense, and pointed with homely wit; they deal with doubt and diffi-

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culty in a practical way, and are toned to cheerfulness and hope. Keenly observant of public and private life, they are plain-spoken to current fault and folly, and pervaded with the conviction of the supremacy of spiritual forces and of an indwelling divine life in nature and man.

Madame Butterfly. (Japanese Edition.) By John Luther Long. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 152 pages. $1.80, net. (Postage, 14c.)

A new holiday edition of a familiar, quaint, and immensely popular story.

Magic Forest (The). By Stewart Edward White. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 146 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Marcus Tullius Cicero. Ten Orations. Edited by Richard Alexander von Minckwitz. Illustrated. 5×7½ in. 518 pages. $1.25.

Masterfolk (The). By Haldane MacFall. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 440 pages. $1.50.

Here is material for a fine story. It is a description of Bohemian life in London and Paris, and seems in part modeled after Henri Mürger's "Scènes de la vie de Bohême," but without the simplicity, directness, and convincing qualities that characterized those pictures. This book is labored in style and overcrowded, as though the author felt he must get within its covers all he ever knew or felt, and, with one or two exceptions, the characters always seem to be on parade.

Men and Women. By Robert Browning. Illustrated by Henry Ospovat. (Miranda's Library.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 312 pages. $2.50.

The latest addition to "Miranda's Library" is an attractive printing and binding of the very characteristic body of Browning's verse which originally appeared under the title "Men and Women," including "Evelyn Hope," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Instans Tyrannus," "Old Pictures in Florence," and other equally well known poems, a selection which represents in a true way the genius of Browning. The book is well made, with decorated head-pieces and titles, and with a series of drawings which fall distinctly below the artist's opportunities.

Mr. Salt. By Will Payne. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 330 pages. $1.50.

This is a strong, even strenuous story of the new type that deals with the stress and tragedy of commerce, finance, and vast industrial concerns. The late Frank Norris was one of the first to see that there were splendid possibilities for fiction in this direction; Messrs. Merwin and Webster, in their joint novels, used the idea in their own way; so did Mr. Lefèvre in his Wall Street stories. Mr. Payne himself has in short tales portrayed Chicago grain and stock fights. Here, in a well-thought-out story, he does that on a large scale—and more. Mr. Salt is a strong, rather coarse, burly speculator, really kind at heart in personal matters, but remorseless in his fights for power, implacable in pursuing his business enemies. His economic philosophy is that things are to be done and that he is there to do them, that the country's interest lies in big enterprises and big men to carry them out. How he beats down opposition, how he fights against the days of depression and panic, how, when he is again all but safe, the negligence of a dipsomaniac ruins him—all this is woven into a vigorous story, full of dramatic incident and alive with human passion. The great Chicago strikes, the inception of anarchism in a young countryman who is crushed in the conflicts of great forces, the abuses of mine-owners and the brutality of the lowest class of miners, also play a part in this drama, which includes also the love story of a true-hearted, gentle, and steadfast girl, Mr. Salt's stenographer. One wishes that the illustrations had been omitted; they show Mr. Salt as a dapper, intellectual, slim young man!

Music-Education: An Outline. By Calvin Brainerd Cady. (Second Book.) Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago. 7½×10½ in. 145 pages.

A useful volume for the guidance of those who are undertaking the education of children in music. It contains a wealth of melodies and rote-songs. Not the least valuable part is the series of bibliographies at the end.

Naturalist in La Plata (The). By W. H. Hudson, F.Z.S. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 394 pages. $2, net.

This is a thoroughly delightful book. A humane sympathy with the brute creatures whose life it describes pervades it; it abounds in interesting anecdote; the distant region of its study presents the charms of adventure into the unknown and strange.

Nature of Man (The): Studies in Optimistic Philosophy. By Élie Metchnikoff. Translated by P. Chalmers Mitchell. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 309 pages. $2.

The author of these "Studies" differs from us in his conception of "optimistic philosophy." He regards man as "a kind of miscarriage of an ape." Sudden change in man's natural conditions has brought into human experience a large series of "organic disharmonies," with sequels of misery. To transform these into harmonies and end the misery belongs to science—a slow worker, but our sole reliance. Vain are the resources of religion and philosophy; [illegible] nihilation at death is th[illegible] cepted by the vast maj[illegible] persons." Apart from [illegible] observations of M. Me[illegible] topics are valuable, [illegible] biologist; but his bo[illegible] morbid phenomena, [illegible] not uplifting.

Studies in the Art [illegible] of Truth from the [illegible] the Round of Daily L[illegible] ers, Sunday-School Teac[illegible] Speakers, and for All Rea[illegible] Wells. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 240 pages. $1.25.

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People of the Abyss (The). By Jack London. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 317 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Poems You Ought to Know. Selected by Elia W. Peattie. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×9½ in. 240 pages. $1.50, net.

Each morning for several months the Chicago "Tribune" has published in its first column some verses under the caption "Poems You Ought to Know." We are glad to welcome these poems as now collected in book form. Most of them appeal not only to familiarity, but also to memorizing.

Poetical Works of John Townsend Trowbridge (The). Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5¼×8½ in. 360 pages. $2.

A very convenient one-volume edition of the verse which has appeared at various times in individual volumes since 1869. The book is very tastefully made and contains a great deal of verse which has attained merited popularity.

Ponkapog Papers. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 195 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Reminiscences of the Civil War. By General John B. Gordon. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 474 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice.

Rome and the Renaissance: The Pontificate of Julius II. From the French of Julian Klaczko. Authorized Translation by John Dennie. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 386 pages. $3.50.

A biography of Julius II. with special reference to Michelangelo and other Renaissance masters has long been a desideratum for English readers. By this translation of M. Klaczko's work this want is now supplied. The book has been sympathetically translated, as befits its illuminative text. Occasionally the text reminds us of the vivacity, vividness, and charm of Mrs. Ady's biographies of two of Michelangelo's contemporaries, Beatrice and Isabelle d'Este.

Stepping Stones to Manhood. By William P. Pearce. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 352 pages. $1.50.

This book is precisely what its title-page affirms it to be, "a book of inspiration." It is not merely good to read, but certain to be [illegible]s written for, if they get [illegible]man or woman who reads [illegible]l to put it in the list of [illegible]oks.

[illegible] St. Helena with General [illegible]rud. Translated by Elizabeth [illegible] Latimer. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg [illegible]., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 292 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Theodore Leschetizky. By Comtesse Angèle Potocka. Translated from the French by Geneviève Seymour Lincoln. The Century Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 307 pages. $2, net.

The subject of this biography is eminent chiefly as the teacher of Paderewski. The book is entertaining. The picture of life on a great estate in Poland, which is drawn in the early part of the narrative, has some vividness; but one cannot help questioning its verisimilitude.

Tempest (The). Edited by Oliphant Smeaton, M.A. Illustrated. (Temple School Shakespeare.) Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 220 pages. 50c., net.

Thirty Years of Musical Life in London, 1870–1900. By Hermann Klein. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 483 pages. $2.40, net. (Postage, 19c.)

The author was for twenty-four years a writer on musical topics in London, all but four years of that time being musical critic on the "Sunday Times." He writes his reminiscences of the musical celebrities—composers, performers, conductors—whom he has met. The anecdotes are of varying degree of interest and value.

Ursula's Freshman. By Anna Chapin Ray. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 303 pages. $1.20, net.

Ursula is a little country girl who comes from the West to visit her aunt in New York. The freshman is her boy cousin. The story is a bright and natural chronicle of young people's doings and a study of their character development under the stress of changed conditions.

Uther and Igraine. By Warwick Deeping. Illustrated. The Outlook Co., New York. 5×8 in. 385 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Walter Pater. By Ferris Greenslet. (Contemporary Men of Letters Series.) McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 163 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

West Point Colors. By Anna B. Warner. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 428 pages. $1.50.

With the exception of the part relating to West Point technicalities, and possibly the title, this book will appeal much more to girls than to boys. The introduction states that the incidents narrated are "quite true" and that much of the material was furnished by cadets. A pleasant little love story runs through it, but the hero comes dangerously near being a prig at times.

Who's Who in America: A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States, 1903–1905. Established by Albert Nelson Marquis. Edited by John W. Leonard. A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 1,669 pages.

Indispensable! A new edition of one of the most convenient reference-books in existence. The publishers had the good sense to exclude bombast and eulogy, and to give us condensed facts about 14,000 living Americans. Merely as a means of finding addresses it is worth a great deal. We hope that all the people who write to The Outlook for the address of Mr. Carnegie will buy a copy of this book, in which case the publishers will be made happy even if Mr. Carnegie is not. In plan the articles are models of condensation.

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Correspondence

Presbyterian Revision

To the Editors of The Outlook:

What is the latest action of the Presbyterian Church in regard to the Westminster Confession? Has the Presbyterian Church of Scotland taken any steps in the matter of its revision?

W. A. S.

[The latest action of the Presbyterian Church (stated on page 302, Vol. 74, of The Outlook, June 6, 1903) simply guards certain points of the Westminster Confession (predestination, etc.) from misapprehension; cancels one or two other points (sinfulness of refusing lawful oaths, etc.); adds sections on the Holy Spirit, the love of God, and missions, and leaves the Westminster Confession—with such modifications—the Church standard of doctrine as before. This is now supplemented by a "Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith," which retains no trace of distinctively Calvinistic theology. Yet this virtually now becomes the working creed of the Church.

The Presbyterian Church of Scotland has long had a declaratory statement, to the effect that all ministers and elders subscribing to the Confession are understood as assenting, not to all its particulars, but to the general substance of doctrine.—THE EDITORS.]

Is This Christianity?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just read in your issue of October 3, with a feeling that is far from unqualified satisfaction, your full and laudatory account of the Amsterdam Council of Unitarians and Liberals. While my personal views are pretty far from the older orthodoxy, and while almost every tendency toward unity and toward liberalizing religion has my sympathy, I cannot help feeling that moderate liberals owe it to their convictions and to the religious needs of the world to protest against certain features of a movement like this; and I am audacious enough to add, moreover, that an account of deliverances equally extreme in the other direction would not have been passed by in your magazine without objection, not to say severe criticism; yet I cannot believe that exaggerated orthodoxy is further removed from the essentials of true Christianity, nor more fatal to religion, than is exaggerated liberalism.

I am not blind to the great good the convention stands for. Liberalism is good; unity is good; monotheism is good. But is that Christianity? Did Jesus Christ (whose name does not seem to figure in the programme of addresses) inaugurate a religion in which "there is no external revelation"? Obviously, the spirit of the meetings was quite foreign to that of Paul, as many of the participants would doubtless admit eagerly; but would these same men presume to assert that they have found the real Christianity that Christ taught and that his messengers proclaimed after his death? I do not see how they could. Such deliverances seem to come originally from subjective philosophizing followed by a free use of the knife in dealing with our records of the origin of Christianity.

I cannot help feeling, furthermore, that the report of the deep sympathy of such a large proportion of European Protestantism is colored by the enthusiasm of the moment. My own experience in France is of a very different sort. Is not a demurrer in place? If this bald theism is really the only Christianity of so many European Protestants, is it not the duty of moderate liberalism to remind them of the New Testament (not as an infallible authority, but as history) and of the real needs of man? Perhaps there would be less cause for alarm if this tendency could be traced to an improvement in the spiritual atmosphere, to a stiffening of the moral backbone, to a purification of literature and public morals; but there is almost enough evidence to show the reverse, that men have been losing in faith and in moral earnestness; though we may hope that the firm adherence to theism is a sign of the return to faith by an unbelieving

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generation. If this last statement be true, I should like to assure my friends of the Council that there is work enough to last out their lives in bringing back the man (and the woman) on the street and in the university to a bare belief in theism and moral responsibility, and that they really need not devote so much time to liberalizing Christianity out of existence. P. H. C.

San Sebastian, Spain.

Sectarianism and Negro Education

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The article of Professor Du Bois in a recent number of The Outlook on "The Training of Negroes for Social Power" must command the assent of those most interested in the best progress of the negro people. What he says about the crying want of the foremost schools for purely intellectual training, like Atlanta University, is put none too strongly. But does not the exigency require that something more be said which no one identified with one of these institutions very well can say? What is the actual reason for the neglect so manifest? Is it that the work is unsatisfactory or unappreciated, or that the friends of the negro have gone daft in the matter of industrial training? If we would go to the root of the trouble, we must tread on ground so delicate that no one likes to venture there. Atlanta has one institution that is undenominational, the one Professor Du Bois represents, but it has six others besides which belong to four great religious denominations, each of which is keenly alive to denominational interests. According to the Report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1901, the value of grounds and buildings belonging to these institutions was, in the aggregate, over a million dollars, and their united income for that year was over $70,000. If these institutions were unified, what a changed aspect they might present! But with all these divisions and petty conflicting interests at work, how little attractive is the prospect!

The same thing appears at Nashville. Professor Du Bois mentions one institution there; but the situation is not given when no reference is made to the Roger Williams University of the Baptist denomination, or Walden University of the Methodists, with its fifty divinity students and over two hundred studying medicine. The vital point is that there are three denominational "universities" there instead of one school having for its sole object the promotion of sound learning. At New Orleans there are four "universities" for negroes; and at Jacksonville, Little Rock, and other cities a similar division of forces is seen.

It might be supposed that these divisions were due to the sectarian spirit of the negroes; but this can hardly be, for the management of these institutions is usually vested in boards of white men at the North. This locates the responsibility with people of the very highest intelligence, who are supposed to represent the sentiment of the best culture of the country.

One can point to twenty-five negro schools that have the name of "university" attached to them, and thirty-eight more that are called "colleges." Some of the best of these report no students pursuing a college course, and a dozen more, also among the best, give the number from one to ten. Probably in the sixty-three institutions the number of students actually doing what is known in the North as college work is smaller than in one such college as Amherst or Williams.

It would seem, then, that the first thing to be done is to designate where the "few strong, well-equipped negro colleges" shall be, and unite the advocates of higher education in practical measures for their vigorous development. Are there insuperable obstacles to the unification of the college departments in the institutions at Atlanta or Nashville or New Orleans? This, according to the Commissioner's Report, would give to the school in Atlanta 163 college students. Why should not such a school, with the moral support of all friends of the higher education working in harmony, enter at once upon a career of prosperity? Why might it not be the same at Nashville and New Orleans, Little Rock and Jacksonville?

For a movement of this kind the responsibility of initiative does not rest

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with the negroes in the South, but with eminent gentlemen of the North, most of them graduates and some of them trustees of our leading institutions of learning, who direct the administration of these Southern schools from offices in New York, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg.

Meanwhile, the advocates of thorough scholarship for the colored people may find some consolation in the thought that the best schools of the North always have an open door and a cordial welcome for every diligent, persevering scholar of any race. G. S. D.

The Town Meeting Defended

I.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Alexander J. Barron's article in The Outlook of October 17, entitled "A New England Town Meeting of To-Day," has this surprising statement: "Always known as an institution peculiar to New England, we place it to-day among the other curiosities of the Pilgrims, and consider it as having as much practical bearing upon our needs as the ducking-stool, pillory, and whipping-post." One can hardly help wondering how far from New England Mr. Barron has lived and how familiar with its customs he had been before his visit to "X" and his attendance on its town meeting, which he excellently describes. Certainly the citizens of 240 out of 246 municipalities of Vermont, and a majority of the people of New England, numbering nearly six millions, to say nothing of the people of several Western States who are familiar with the town meeting, have not yet relegated that political institution to a curiosity shop. The town meeting as a civic institution is as vigorous as ever in New England, wherever a dense population does not render it impracticable. Last spring one of our towns in Vermont, with a population of about 7,000, by a vote rejected a city charter previously granted by the General Assembly.

When Mr. Barron says that "the town meeting has come to be looked upon as a relic of the past, which, if used at all to-day, is plainly out of date," and adds, "It is inconsistent with our modern ideas of self-government," I feel sure that he fails to appreciate the political faith and practice of a considerable portion of American citizenship. John Fiske, in speaking of the educational value of the town meeting, said, "The town meeting is the best political training-school in existence." He called it "the most complete democracy in the world," "the most perfect exhibition of what President Lincoln called 'government of the people, by the people, for the people.'" James Bryce has said, "The towns held their ground, and are to this day the true units of political life in New England, the solid foundation of that well-compacted structure of self-government which European philosophers have admired and the new States of the West have sought to reproduce;" and in speaking of the town meeting, "No better school of politics can be imagined, nor any method of managing local affairs more certain to prevent jobbery and waste, to stimulate vigilance and breed contentment." The writings of many political writers contain statements in similar vein, as the often quoted statement of Jefferson, "Those wards called townships in New England are the vital principle of their governments, and have proved themselves the wisest invention ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of self-government, and for its preservation."

WALTER E. RANGER.

Montpelier, Vermont.

II.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It comes to us as a shock to find one who writes so entertainingly of the town meeting as did Mr. Barron in a recent Outlook maintain that "the town meeting has come to be looked upon as a relic of the past, which, if used at all to-day, is plainly out of date."

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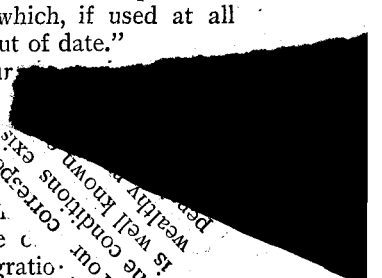

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termining which system they would adopt; and since this legislation, the adoption of the town system has continued to increase over its rival, and is becoming the recognized standard. (See the interesting monographs on this subject in the Johns Hopkins University Studies.)

Only harm can come from the uncontradicted assertion that town government is inconsistent with our modern ideas of self-government. Could the town of Brookline, Massachusetts, be better governed under any other system? Is it not true that one of the principal reasons why our cities are badly governed is that they have abandoned self-government for representative government?

A. M. E.

Providence, Rhode Island.

[A re-reading of Mr. Barron's article in The Outlook will, we think, convince his critics that he too believes in the self-government of the town meeting, and suggests that in communities too large for an assembly of all the voters the same kind of popular self-government may be secured by means of the referendum and the initiative.—The Editors.]

A Word about Pensions and Pensioners

In your issue of October 10 a correspondent who seems to grudge the money paid in pensions to surviving veterans of the Civil War asks, "Are pensions to go on forever?"

He mentions this incident: "It was a genuine surprise to the public, and doubtless to the pension officials, when, a few weeks ago, a Kansas veteran asked that his name be taken off the pension rolls, on the ground that he no longer needed aid. Is not his example a worthy one to [redacted]?"

[redacted]dent misapprehends [redacted]ting. He says: "It [redacted]verywhere that there are [redacted]men, even millionaires, drawing [redacted]sions which they receive because of some trifling injury which in no way incapacitates them for business." And the writer's conclusion is: "While the needy and the disabled deserve, very likely, more than they are now receiving, a patriotic soldier, in prosperous circumstances and in sound health, must feel that his self-respect is lowered by receiving the public bounty."

I give your correspondent credit for being unaware of the injustice contained in this undeserved reproach. Very few veterans, let me remind him, who saw active service during the war returned to civil life with sound frames. I can point to a maimed veteran in this State, who lost a leg at Gettysburg (not a trifling injury), now a well-to-do merchant, who draws his pension and bestows it on comrades who are in need of aid. During Cleveland's first term his Administration seemed to grudge the payment of pensions, as your correspondent evidently does, and the Commissioner of Pensions, backed by Hoke Smith, the Secretary of the Interior, set to work lopping off pensions paid to veterans he thought able to support themselves. In this undertaking he ran foul of Judge Lochren, of Nebraska, "all shot to pieces," as was said of him, but able to perform his judicial function. The receipt of a pension, although earning a liberal salary, the judge did not regard as lowering to his self-respect. In his own right and in behalf of fellow-pensioners similarly defrauded, he demanded the restoration of his pension; there was quite a stir in the country over the matter—perhaps it was brought up in Congress—but it finished with the subsidence of Mr. Hoke Smith. A man's self-respect he may adjust with his own feelings, but a vested right is not to be cast aside at the caprice of any man in office.

Your correspondent closes with the discharge of this Parthian arrow: "The best deserving will be the last to ask for anything of the kind" (public bounty). This bounty, let me say, is offered to all survivors of the war whose disability entitles them to the aid provided by the Nation; and for a civilian to estimate the desert of those who apply, and take account of the order of precedence, manifests a spirit totally unworthy of the generous impulse which prompted the men of a past generation to expose themselves to wounds and privations that the Nation might live.

A Veteran of the War.

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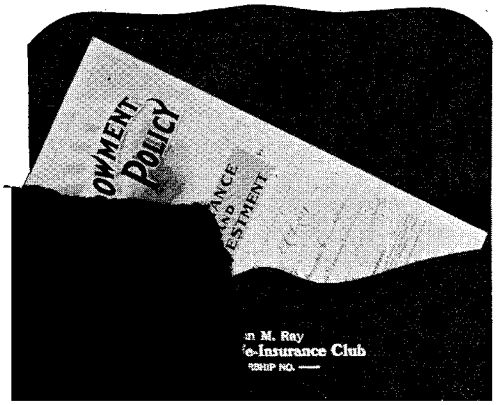

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